

KNIGHTS CABINET EDITION

OF -



THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

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The PORTRAIT to this Volume is taken from a design
after Roubillac.

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The PORTRAIT to this Volume is taken from the bust on
the monument at Straiford.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'THE Tragedie of Macbeth' was first published in the folio collection of 1623. Its place in that edition is between 'Julius Cæsar' and 'Hamlet.' And yet, in the modern reprints of the text of Shakspeare, 'Macbeth' is placed the first amongst the Histories. This is to convey a wrong notion of the character of this great drama. Shakspeare's Chronicle-histories are essentially conducted upon a different principle. The interest of 'Macbeth' is not an historical interest. It matters not whether the action is true, or has been related as true: it belongs to the realms of poetry altogether. We might as well call 'Lear' or 'Hamlet' historical plays, because the outlines of the story of each are to be found in old records of the past. Our text is, with very few exceptions, a restoration of the text of the original folio.

In Coleridge's early sonnet 'to the Author of the Robbers,' his imagination is enchained to the most terrible scene of that play; disregarding, as it were, all the accessaries by which its horrors are mitigated and rendered endurable:—

"Schiller! that hour I would have wish'd to die,
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent
That fearful voice, a famish'd father's cry—
Lest in some after-moment aught more mean
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
Black Horror scream'd, and all her goblin rout
Diminish'd shrunk from the more withering scene!"

It was in a somewhat similar manner that Shakspeare's representation of the murder of Duncan affected the imagination of Mrs. Siddons :—" It was my custom to study my characters at night, when all the domestic cares and business of the day were over. On the night preceding that on which I was to appear in this part for the first time, I shut myself up, as usual, when all the family were retired, and commenced my study of Lady Macbeth. As the character is very short, I thought I should soon accomplish it. Being then only twenty years of age, I believed, as many others do believe, that little more was necessary than to get the words into my head ; for the necessity of discrimination, and the development of character, at that time of my life, had scarcely entered into my imagination. But, to proceed. I went on with tolerable composure, in the silence of the night, (a night I can never forget,) till I came to the assassination scene, when the horrors of the scene rose to a degree that made it impossible for me to get farther. I snatched up my candle, and hurried out of the room in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it, as I ascended the stairs to go to bed, seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep. I clapped my candlestick down upon the table, without the power of putting it out ; and I threw myself on my bed, without daring to stay even to take off my clothes."*

If the drama of ' Macbeth ' were to produce the same

* Memoranda by Mrs. Siddons, inserted in her ' Life ' by Mr. Campbell.

effect upon the mind of an imaginative reader as that described by Mrs. Siddons, it would not be the great work of art which it really is. If our poet had resolved, using the words of his own 'Othello,' to

"abandon all remorse,

On horror's head horrors accumulate,"

the midnight terrors, such as Mrs. Siddons has described, would have indeed been a tribute to *power*,—but not to the power which has produced 'Macbeth.' The paroxysm of fear, the panic-struck fancy, the prostrated senses, so beautifully described by this impassioned actress, were the result of the intensity with which she had fixed her mind upon that part of the play which she was herself to act. In the endeavour to get the words into her head her own fine genius was naturally kindled to behold a complete vision of the wonderful scene. Again, and again, were the words repeated, on that night which she could never forget,—in the silence of that night when all about her were sleeping. And then she heard the owl shriek, amidst the hurried steps in the fatal chamber,—and she saw the bloody hands of the assassin,—and, personifying the murderess, she rushed to dip her own hands in the gore of Duncan. It is perfectly evident that this intensity of conception has carried the horrors far beyond the limits of pleasurable emotion, and has produced all the terrors of a real murder. No reader of the play, and no spectator, can regard this play as Mrs. Siddons regarded it. On that night she, probably for the first time, had a strong though imperfect vision of the character of Lady Macbeth, such as she afterwards delineated it; and in that case,

what to all of us must, under any circumstances, be a work of art, however glorious, was to her almost a reality. It was the isolation of the scene, demanded by her own attempt to conceive the character of Lady Macbeth, which made it so terrible to Mrs. Siddons. The reader has to regard it as a part of a great whole, which combines and harmonises with all around it; for which he is adequately prepared by what has gone before; and which,—even if we look at it as a picture which represents only that one portion of the action, has still its own repose, its own harmony of colouring, its own chiaroscuro,—is to be seen under a natural light. There was a preternatural light upon it when Mrs. Siddons saw it as she has described.

The leading characteristic of this glorious tragedy is, without doubt, that which constitutes the essential difference between a work of the highest genius and a work of mediocrity. Without *power*—by which we here especially mean the ability to produce strong excitement by the display of scenes of horror—no poet of the highest order was ever made; but this alone does not make such a poet. If he is called upon to present such scenes, they must, even in their most striking forms, be associated with the beautiful. The pre-eminence of his art in this particular can alone prevent them affecting the imagination beyond the limits of pleasurable emotion. To keep within these limits, and yet to preserve all the energy which results from the power of dealing with the terrible apart from the beautiful, belongs to few that the world has seen: to Shakspeare it belongs surpassingly.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6.

MALCOLM, son to Duncan.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3. Act IV
sc. 3. Act V. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.*

DONALBAIN, son to Duncan.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3.

MACBETH, general of the King's army.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2;
sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V.
sc. 3; sc. 5; sc. 7.*

BANQUO, general of the King's army.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 1.
Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.*

MACDUFF, a nobleman of Scotland.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.*

LENOX, a nobleman of Scotland.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1,
sc. 4; sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7.*

ROSSE, a nobleman of Scotland.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act II. sc. 4. Act III
sc. 1; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 7.*

MENTETH, a nobleman of Scotland.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7.

ANGUS, a nobleman of Scotland.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7.

CATHNESS, a nobleman of Scotland.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7.

FLEANCE, son to Banquo.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.

Young SIWARD, *son to the Earl of Northumberland.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 4; sc. 7.

SKYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 3; sc. 5.

Son to Macduff.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

An English Doctor.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

A Scotch Doctor.

Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

A Soldier.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

A Porter.

Appears, Act II. sc. 3.

An old Man.

Appears, Act II. sc. 4.

LADY MACBETH.

Appears, Act I. sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1.

LADY MACDUFF.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

Gentlewoman, *attending on Lady Macbeth.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 1.

HECATE.

Appears, Act III. sc. 5.

Three Witches.

Appear, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 1.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers. The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.

SCENE,—**IN THE END OF ACT IV. IN ENGLAND;
THROUGH THE REST OF THE PLAY IN SCOTLAND.**

M A C B E T H.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place. Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's^a done,
When the battle's lost and won:

3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!^b

All. Paddock calls:—Anon.—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Witches vanish.*]

SCENE II.—*A Camp near Forres. Alarum within.*

*Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX,
with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.*

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

^a *Hurlyburly.* In Peacham's 'Garden of Eloquence,' 1577, this word is given as an example of that ornament of language which consists in "a name intimating the sound of that it signifieth, as *Hurlyburly*, for an uproar and tumultuous stir."

^b *Graymalkin* is a cat; *Paddock*, a toad.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity :—Hail, brave friend !
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtful it stood ;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel ; for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isle,
Of^a kernes and gallowglasses is supplied :
And fortune, on his damned quarry^b smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore : But all's too weak :
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,
Till he fac'd the slave ;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin !, worthy gentleman !

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders break ;^c
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark :
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,

^a Of is here used in the sense of *with*.

^b Quarry.—So the original. The common reading, on the recommendation of Johnson, is *quarrel*. We conceive that the original word is that used by Shakspeare; the "damned quarry" being the doomed army of kernes and gallowglasses, who, although fortune deceitfully smiled on them, fled before the sword of Macbeth, and became his quarry—his prey.

^c The word *break* is not in the original. The second folio adds *breaking*. Some verb is wanting; and the reading of the second folio is some sort of authority for the introduction of *break*.

Compell'd these skipping kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this our captains, Macbeth and
Banquo?

Sold. Yes: As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons.

[*Exit Soldier, attended.*]

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthythane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look that seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthythane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
Thethane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom,^a lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm^against arm,^b

^a *Bellona's bridegroom* is here undoubtedly Macbeth.

^b This is the original punctuation, which we think, with
Tuck, is better than

“Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm.”

Curbing his lavish spirit : And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us ;—

Dun. Great happiness !

Rosse. That now

Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition ;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest :—Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Heath. Thunder.

Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister ?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou ?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd :—"Give
me," quoth I :

"Aroint thee," witch !" the rump-fed ronyon^b cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger ;
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Th' art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other ;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know

^a *Aroint thee.*—See *King Lear*, Act III. Scene 4.

^b *Ronyon.*—See *As You Like It*, Act II. Scene 2.

I' the shipman's card.
 I'll drain him dry as hay :
 Sleep shall neither night nor day
 Hang upon his pent-house lid ;
 He shall live a man forbid :
 Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.
 Look what I have.

2 *Witch*. Show me, show me.

1 *Witch*. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
 Wrack'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*]

3 *Witch*. A drum, a drum :
 Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird^a sisters, hand in hand,
 Posters of the sea and land,
 Thus do go about, about ;
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
 And thrice again, to make up nine :
 Peace!—the charm 's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't call'd to Forres?—What are these,
 So wither'd and so wild in their attire ;
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
 And yet are on 't ? Live you ? or are you aught ?
 That man may question ? You seem to understand me,
 By each at once her choppy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips :—You should be women,
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

^a *Weird*. There can be no doubt that this term is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wyrd*, word spoken ; and in the same way that the word *fate* is anything spoken, *wyrd* and *fatal* are synonymous, and equally applicable to such mysterious beings as Macbeth's witches.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good air, why do you start; and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth; Are ye fantastical,^a or that indeed Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner You greet with present grace, and great prediction Of noble having, and of royal hope, That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not: If you can look into the seeds of time, And say, which grain will grow, and which will not, Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear, Your favours nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none: So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: By Sinel's death, I know I am thane of Glamis; But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives, A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king, Stands not within the prospect of belief, No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence You owe this strange intelligence? or why Upon this blasted heath you stop our way With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.]

^a *Fantastical*—belonging to fantasy—imaginary.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them : Whither are they vanish'd ?

Macb. Into the air : and what seem'd corporal,
melted

As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid !

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about ?
Or have we eaten on the insane root,*

That takes the reason prisoner ?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too ; went it not so ?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's
here ?

Enter ROSS and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
'The news of thy success : and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his : Silenc'd with that
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death, as thick as tale
Can post with post ; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks ;
Only to herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor :
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane !
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true ?

* *Embone* is called *funco* in an old book of medicine, which
Shakespeare might have consulted.

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: Why do you
dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose.
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway;
Or did line the rebel with hidden help
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his country's wrack, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me.
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home.
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance
may crown me,

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure

Macb. Give me your favour:—

My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.

Kind gentlemen, your pains are register'd

Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.—

Let us toward the king.—

Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak

Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

• *Macb.* Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt!*]

SCENE IV.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
LENOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life

Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd.
As 't were a careless trifle.

Dun. There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter

The prince of Cumberland : which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
~~But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine~~
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
~~And bind us further to you.~~

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you ;
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor !

Macb. The prince of Cumberland !—That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside.*
For in my way it lies. ~~Stars, hide your fires !~~
~~Let not light see my black and deep desires :~~
~~The eye wink at the hand !~~ yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo ; he is full as valiant ;
And in his commendations I am fed ;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome ;
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's
Castle.

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. "They met me in the day of success ; and I
have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them
than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question
them further, they made themselves air, into which they
vanished. While I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came mis-
sives from the king, who all hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor ;'
by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and re-
ferred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that
shalt be !' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest
partner of greatness ; that thou mightest not lose the dues of
rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee.
Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd :—Yet do I fear thy nature ;

Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 The effect, and it! ^a Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
 Where'er in your sightless substances
 You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry, "Hold, hold!"—Great Glamis, worthy
 Cawdor!

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant present, and I feel now
 The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,

Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
 May read strange matters:—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; Bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under it. 'He that's coming
 Must be provided for: and you shall put
 This night's great business into my dispatch;
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

^a If fear, compassion, or any other compunctions visitings, stand between a cruel purpose and its realisation, they may be said to keep peace between them, as one who interferes between a violent man and the object of his wrath keeps peace.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.

*Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO,
LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants.*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.*

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend

* We have restored the old familiar expression *God-eyld*, as suiting better with the playfulness of Duncan's speech than the *God yield us* of the modern text. There is great refinement in the sentiment of the passage, but the meaning is tolerably clear. The love which follows us is sometimes troublesome; so we give you trouble, but look you only at the love we bear to you, and so bless us and thank us.

Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house : For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.*

Dun. Where 's the thane of Cawdor ?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor : but he rides well ;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us : Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand :
Conduct me to mine host ; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Room in the Castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage,
a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and ser-
vice. Then enter MACBETH.*

Maeb. If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were
well
It were done quickly : If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success ; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all, here,
But here, upon the bank and shoal* of time,
We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,

* *Hermits*—beadsmen—bound to pray for a benefactor.

* *Shoal*—in the original, *schools*. Theobald corrected the word to *shoal*, "by which," says Stevens, "our author means the shallow ford of life." We shall not disturb the received reading, which is unquestionably the safest.

We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hom'd
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no ^{8, 1111}
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,^a
 And falls on the other^b—How now, what news?

^a It has been proposed to read, instead of *itself*, *its self*, *his saddle*. However clever may be the notion, we can scarcely admit the necessity for the change of the original. A person (and vaulting ambition is personified) might be said to *overleap* himself, as well as *overbalance* himself, or *overcharge* himself, or *overlabour* himself, or *overmeasure* himself, or *overreach* himself. The word *over* in all these cases is used in the sense of *too much*.

^b After *other* Hammer introduced *side*. The commentators say that the addition is unnecessary, inasmuch as the plural noun, *sides*, occurs just before. But surely this notion is to produce a jumble of the metaphor. Macbeth compares his intent to a courser: I have no spur to urge him on. Unprepared I am about to vault into my seat, but I overleap myself and fall. It appears to us that the sentence is broken by the entrance of the messenger; that it is not complete in itself; and would not have been completed with *side*.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd : why have you left the chamber ?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me ?

Lady M. Know you not he has ?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business :
He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself ? hath it slept since ?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely ? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem ;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage ?^a

Macb. Prithce, peace :
I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was 't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me ?
When you durst do it, then you were a man ;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck ; and know
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me :
I would, while it was smiling in my face,

^a We find the adage in Heywood's Proverbs, 1566 :—"The cat would eat fish and would not wet her feet."

Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn,
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—

Lady M. We fail.

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,*
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck^b only: When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?^c

Macb. Bring forth men-children only,
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

* *Convince*—overpower.

^b *Limbeck*—alembic.

^c *Quell*—murder.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. Court within the Castle.*

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant with a torch before them.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 't is later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There 's husbandry
in heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword;—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who 's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king 's a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largess to your offices:

This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up

In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,

Our will became the servant to defect;

Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All 's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:

To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb.

I think not of them:

* *Husbandry*—frugality.

Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,^a—when 't
is,

It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while !

Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you ! [*Exit BANQUO.*]

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit SERV.*]
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me clutch
thee :

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling, as to sight ? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest : I see thee still ;

And on thy blade, and dudgeon,^b gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—~~There is no such thing.~~

It is the bloody business which informs

Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep : witchcraft celebrates

^a Consent—union.

^b Dudgeon—the handle of the dagger.

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murther,
 Alarm'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing sides,^a towards his design,
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat he lives :
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
 [A bell rings.]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath
 made me bold :
 What hath quench'd them hath given me fire :—
 Hark! Peace! It was the owl that shriek'd,
 The fatal bellman which gives the stern'st good night.
 He is about it : The doors are open ;
 And the surfeited grooms do mock their charge with
 snores :

I have drugg'd their possets,
 That death and nature do contend about them,
 Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [Within.] Who 's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,

^a *Sides*.—This is the word of the old copies; but Pope change it to *strides*. A doubt arises whether this word is compatible with "stealthy pace." The word, in its usual acceptation, and looking at its etymology, does not convey the notion of stealthy and silent movement. Can we reconcile then the word *sides* with the context? Tieck contends that *sides* has been received as the seat of the passions, and is so here poetically used.

And 't is not done :—the attempt, and not the deed,
 Confounds us :—Hark !—I laid their daggers ready,
 He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
 My father as he slept I had done 't—My husband !

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed :—Didst thou not hear
 a noise ?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets
 cry.

Did not you speak ?

Macb. When ?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended ?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark !—

Who lies i' the second chamber ?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There 's one did laugh in his sleep,
 And one cried, "murder !" that they did wake each
 other ;

I stood and heard them : but they did say their prayers,
 And address'd them again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, "God bless us !" and "Amen,"
 the other ;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say, amen,

When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen ?
 I had most need of blessing, and amen
 Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
 After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve^a of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:

"Glamis hath murder'd sleep: and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy
thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures; 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within*

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine
eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather

^a *Sleeve*—unwrought silk—the *gfilenza* of the Italians.

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red.*

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more
knocking:

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not know
myself. [*Knock.*]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking; I would thou
couldst! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*]

Porter. Here 's a knocking, indeed! If a man were
porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key.
[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who 's there,

* The idea of this passage, and, in some degree, the expression, is to be found in a line of Heywood ('Robert Earl of Huntingdon'):

"The multitudes of seas dyed red with blood."

This gives us, we think, the meaning of *multitudinous*. Upon the mode of reading the following line the commentators are at variance. In the original it stands

"Making the green one, red."

This Malone adopts. The ordinary reading,

"Making the green—one red,"

was suggested by Murphy, and adopted by Stevens. There can be little doubt, we apprehend, of the propriety of the alteration.

i' the name of Belzebub? Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: Come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you 'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who 's there, i' the other devil's name? 'Faith, here 's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who 's there? 'Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I 'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second
cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things:

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me: But

I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he cometh.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 't is one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain:
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so hold to call,
For 't is my limited^a service. [*Exit MACDUFF.*]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does:—he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death:
And prophesying with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time,
The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night:
Some say the earth was feverous, and did shake.^b

Macb. 'T was a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

^a Limited—appointed.

^b We here follow the regulation of the original. But we have adopted a punctuation suggested by a friend, which connects "the obscure bird" with "prophesying."

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. ~~O horror! horror! horror!~~

Tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee.

Macb., Len. What 's the matter?

Macd. ~~Confusion now hath made his traitor-piece!~~

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope

The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence

The life o' the building.

Macb. What is 't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;

See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX*

Ring the alarm-bell:—Murder! and treason!

Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself.—up, up, and see

The great doom's image—Malcolm! Banquo!

As from your graves rise up, and walk like spirits,

To countenance this horror! Ring the bell." [*Bell rings.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What 's the business,

That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley

The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd.

O, gentle lady,

'T is not for you to hear what I can speak:

The repetition, in a woman's ear,

Would murder as it fell.—

* The words "ring the bell" form part of the original text; and the stage direction, "bell rings," immediately follows. The commentators strike out "ring the bell," contending that these words also were a stage direction. But how natural is it that Macduff, having previously cried "ring the alarm-bell," should repeat the order!

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo! Banquo! our royal master 's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas! what, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, anywhere

Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself,

And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There 's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALDIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know 't,
The spring, the head: the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father 's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal, and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
 For ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the murderers,
 Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
 Unmannerly breech'd with gore : Who could refrain
 That had a heart to love, and in that heart
 Courage to make his love known ?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho !

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
 That most may claim this argument for ours ?

Don. What should be spoken here,
 Where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
 May rush, and seize us ? Let 's away ; our tears
 Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
 Upon the fix'd of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady :—

[*LADY MACBETH is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
 That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
 And question this most bloody piece of work,
 To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us :
In the great hand of God I stand ; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.^a

All. So all.

Macb. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,
 And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented. [*Exeunt all but MAL. and DON.*]

Mal. What will you do ? Let 's not consort with
 them :

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
 Which the false man does easy : I 'll to England.

^a This speech in the original belongs to *Manduff* ; but, without any explanation, it is given by all the modern editors to Macbeth.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
 Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
 Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
 Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
 And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
 But shift away: There's warrant in that theft
 Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Without the Castle.

Enter ROSSE and an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
 Within the volume of which time, I have seen
 Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
 Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
 Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
 Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 't is day,
 And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
 Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
 That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
 When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'T is unnatural,
 Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
 A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
 Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange
 and certain,)
 Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
 Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
 Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
 Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'T is said, they eat each other

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff:—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is 't known who did this more than bloody
deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?^a

Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 't is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I 'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there:—
adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*]

^a Pretend—propose.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.**Enter BANQUO.*

Ban. Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and I fear
Thou play'st most foully for 't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

*Snets sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King; LADY
MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX, ROSS, Lords,
Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)

In this day's council ; but we 'll take ^a to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride ?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper : go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland ; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention : But of that to-morrow ;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord : our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot ;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [Exit BANQUO.]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night ; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone : while then, God be with you.

[Exit LADY MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.]
Sirrah, a word with you : Attend those men our
pleasure ?

Attend. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—[Exit Attend.] To be
thus, is nothing ;

But to be safely thus :—Our seats in Banquo
Stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd : 't is much he dares ;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,

^a *take*. This is generally altered to *talk*. It is difficult to imagine a more unnecessary change. Who could doubt our meaning if we were to say, "Well, sir, if you cannot come this afternoon, we will *take* to-morrow?"

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
 To act in safety. There is none but he
 Whose being I do fear : and under him
My genius is rebuk'd ; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
 When first they put the name of king upon me,
 And bade them speak to him ; then, prophet-like,
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings :
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I fil'd^a my mind ;
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd :
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,
 Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings !
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
 And champion me to the utterance !^b—Who's there ?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

Macb.

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches ? Know,
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you
 So under fortune ; which, you thought, had been
 Our innocent self : this I made good to you
 In our last conference ; pass'd in probation with you,
 How you were borne in hand ;^c how cross'd ; the in-
 struments ;

^a *Fil'd*—defiled.

^b *Utterance*.—The French *combat-d'outrance*.

^c *Borne in hand*—encouraged by false hopes.

Who wrought with them ; and all things else, that might,
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so ; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go ? Are you so gossip'd,
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever ?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men ;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs : the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd ; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike : and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not in the worst rank^a of manhood, say it ;
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off ;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,

^a In the preceding part of this speech a distinction is drawn between the *catalogue* and the *valued file*. The *catalogue* contains the names of all ; the *valued file*, select names. So in these lines there may be a "station in the file" above that of the "worst rank." The *rank*, then, is the row,—the *file*, those set apart from the row, for superior qualities. Is not this the meaning of the military term, rank and file, which is still in use ?

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 Mur. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For^a certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this
hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,^b
And something from the palace; always thought

^a For—on account of—because of.

^b We understand this passage as follows. Macbeth has said,

"I will advise you where to plant yourselves:"

he then adds, "Acquaint you"—inform yourselves—"with the perfect spy"—with a most careful inquiry—"o' the time"—the expected time of Banquo's return;—

"The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night."

That I require a clearness : And with him,
 (To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
 Whose absence is no less material to me
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart ;
 I 'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I 'll call upon you straight ; abide within.
 It is concluded :—~~Banquo, thy soul's flight,~~
 If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court ?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
 For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Lady M. Nought 's had, all 's spent,
 Where our desire is got without content :
 'T is safer to be that which we destroy,
 Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord ? why do you keep alone,
 Of sorriest fancies your companions making ?
 Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
 With them they think on ? ~~Things without all remedy,~~
 Should be without regard : ~~what's done is done.~~

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it ;
 She 'll close, and be herself ; whilst our poor malice
 Remains in danger of her former tooth. *
 But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
 Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
 In the affliction of these terrible dreams,

That shake us nightly : Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace,^a have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave ;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ;
Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further !

Lady M. Come on ;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks ;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love ; and so, I pray, be you .
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo ;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue :
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams ;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy 's not eternal.

Macb. There 's comfort yet ; they are assailable ;
Then be thou jocund : Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight ; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle,^b with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

^a *Peace*.—For this word of the original the editor of the second folio substituted *place* ; and it has been adopted by all succeeding editors. The repetition of the word *peace* seems very much in Shakspeare's manner ; and as every one who commits a crime such as that of Macbeth proposes to himself, in the result, happiness, which is another word for peace,—as the very promptings to the crime disturb his peace,—we think there is something much higher in the sentiment conveyed by the original word than in that of *place*.

^b *Shard-borne beetle*—the beetle borne on its shards, or scaly wing-cases.

Lady M. What 's to be done ?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling^a night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale !—Light thickens ; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood ;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse ;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee still ;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill :
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us ?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust ; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark ! I hear horses.

Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho !

2 *Mur.* Then 't is he ; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile ; but he does usually,
^a Seeling—blinding.

So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, a Servant with a torch
preceding them.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

3 *Mur.* 'T is he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to 't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

[*Assaults BANQUO.*

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou mayst revenge.—O slave!

[*Dies.* FLEANCE and Servant escape.

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was 't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There 's but one down; the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let 's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room of State in the Palace.
A Banquet prepared.*

*Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX,
Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at
first

And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks :

Both sides are even : Here I 'll sit i' the midst .
Be large in mirth ; anon, we 'll drink a measure
The table round.—There 's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'T is Banquo's then.

Macb. 'T is better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatch'd ?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut ; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats : Yet he 's
good,

That did the like for Fleance : if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again : I had else been
perfect ;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock :
As broad and general as the casing air :
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo 's safe ?

Mur. Ay, my good lord : safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that :
There the grown serpent lies ; the worm, that 's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone ; to-morrow
We 'll hear, ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer ; the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a making,
'T is given with welcome : To feed, were best at home ;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness, sit?

Enter the Ghost of BANQUO and sits in MACBETH'S place.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that
moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become

A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say
you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden
time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all,
Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine, fill full:—

Enter Ghost.

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth
hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 't is no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then,^a protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[*Ghost disappears.*]

Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and
worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:—

^a *Inhabit then.*—This is the original reading, which has been changed into *inhabit thee*. Horne Tooke was the first to denounce this alteration; contending that the true meaning is, that if he were dared to the desert he would not skulk within his house.

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*]

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have
blood:

~~Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought
forth~~

The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

~~*Lady M.* Almost at odds with morning, which is
which.~~

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his
person,

At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-
abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—

We are yet but young in deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Heath. Thunder.*

Enter HECATE, meeting the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy, and over-bold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and everything beside:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop, profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magic slights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

SONG. [*Within.*] "Come away, come away," &c.
 Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*
 1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste: she'll soon be
 back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX, and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
 Which can interpret farther: only, I say,
 Things have been strangely borne: The gracious
 Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
 And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late;
 Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
 For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
 Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
 It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
 To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
 How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
 In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep:
 Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
 For't would have anger'd any heart alive
 To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
 He has borne all things well: and I do think,
 That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
 (As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they should find
 What't were to kill a father; so should Fleance.
 But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
 Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
 Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd

Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect : Thither Macduff
 Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
 To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward :
 That, by the help of these, (with Him above
 To ratify the work,) we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights ;
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives ;
 Do faithful homage, and receive free honours ^{fit} -
 All which we pine for now : And this report
 Hath so exasperate the king, that he
 Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len.

Sent he to Macduff ?

Lord. He did : and with an absolute, "Sir, not I,"
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
 And hums ; as who should say, "You'll rue the time
 That clogs me with this answer."

Len.

And that well might

Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
 Fly to the court of England, and unfold
 His message ere he come ; that a swift blessing
 May soon return to this our suffering country
 Under a hand accurs'd !

Lord.

I'll send my prayers with him !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caldron boiling. Thunder.*

Enter the three Witches.

- 1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
- 2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
- 3 *Witch.* Harpier cries :—'T is time, 't is time.
- 1 *Witch.* Round about the caldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!
- All.* Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.
- 2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble;
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
- All.* Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.
- 3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,

Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ,
 Finger of birth-strangled babe,
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
 Make the gruel thick and slab ;
 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,^a
 For the ingredients of our caldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble ;
 Fire, burn ; and, caldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
 Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done ! I commend your pains ;
 And every one shall share i' the gains,
 And now about the caldron sing,
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,
 Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a Song, 'Black spirits,' &c.*

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
 Something wicked this way comes :—
 Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight
 hags,
 What is 't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
 (Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me :

^a *Chaudron*—entrails.

^b This is the original stage direction. The modern editors have inserted four lines of a song, which they find in Middleton's 'Witch,' but without any authority for their introduction here, beyond the stage-direction. In the Witch scene of Act III. we have mention of a song "Come away." These words are also in Middleton. If the song of the fourth act should be inserted in the text, why not that of the third act ?

Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches: though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins* tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our
mouths,

Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that 's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly show.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Mac-
duff;

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Enough.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks;

Thou hast hatp'd my fear aright:—But one word more:—

* *Germins*—the original is *germaïno*. *Germins* are seeds; *ger-
mains*, kindred, something closely related to another.

1 *Witch*. He will not be commanded : Here 's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. *Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!*—

Macb. Had I three ears, I 'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute ; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. *[Descends.*

Macb. Then live, Macduff: What need I fear of thee?

But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a
Tree in his Hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king ;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty ?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud ; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. *[Descends.*

Macb. That will never be ;

Who can impress the forest ; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ? sweet bodements ! good !
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing : Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom ?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise^a is this?

[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in order;
the last with a Glass in his hand; BANQUO follow-
ing.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;
down!

Thy crown^b does sear mine eyeballs:—And thy hair,^b
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 't is true;
For the blood-bolter'd^c Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

^a *Noise.*—This is the music of the hautboys, the word *noise* being synonymous with the sound of instruments. It was so little understood, even by John Kemble, that under his management a *shriek* was here heard.

^b *Hair.*—This is the original word; but the modern reading is *air*. Monck Mason acutely defends the old reading: "It implies that their hair was of the same colour, which is more likely to mark a family likeness than the *air*, which depends on habit."

^c *Blood-bolter'd.*—*Bolter'd* is a word of the midland counties, meaning begrimed, besmeared.

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*]

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious
hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air wherewith they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: What was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word.
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:

But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt]

SCENE II.—Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSS.

Lady Macd. What had he done to make him fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz,
I pray you school yourself: But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear; yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he 's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace; and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father 's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou 'dst never fear the net,
nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are
not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a
father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet,
i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and
must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there
are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men,
and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you 'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talkest!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, Though in your state of honour I am perfect. I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly: If you will take a homely man's advice, Be not found here; hence, with your little ones. To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage; To do worse to you were fell cruelty, Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you! I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger.*]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm, Is often laudable; to do good, sometime, Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas! Do I put up that womanly defence, To say, I have done no harm? What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified, Where such as thou mayst find him.

Mur. He 's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd,* villain.

Mur. What, you egg! [*Stabbing him.*]
Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*]
[*Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying "Murder," and pursued by the Murderers.*]

* *Shag-ear'd.*—This should be probably *shag-hair'd*, a term of abuse found in old plays, and even in law reports.

SCENE III.—England. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather,
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest; you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but some-
thing
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor innocent lamb,
To appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my
doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,

Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties :—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country !
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee ! wear thou thy wrings,
The title is affeer'd.*—Fare thee well, lord :
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended ;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke ;
It weeps, it bleeds : and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds : I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right ;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands : But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before ;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be ?

Mal. It is myself I mean : in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow ; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,

* The title is *affeer'd*—confirmed—admitted—as asseverations
decide upon a claim, and terminate a dispute.

Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name : But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust ; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will : Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours : you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough ; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands ;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house :
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more ; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper ; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust ; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings : Yet do not fear ;
Scotland hath foysons* to fill up your will,
Of your mere own : All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none : The king-becoming graces,

* *Foysons*—abundant provision.

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them ; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland ! Scotland !

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak :
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern !
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptre'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again ?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed ?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king : the queen, that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well !
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here !

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power ; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste : But God above
Deal between thee and me ! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspcak mine own detraction ; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet

Unknown to woman ; never was forsworn ;
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own ;
 At no time broke my faith ; would not betray
 The devil to his fellow ; and delight
 No less in truth, than life : my first false speaking
 Was this upon myself : What I am truly,
 Is thine, and my poor country's, to command :
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 All ready at a point,* was setting forth :
 Now we 'll together : And the chance, of goodness,
 Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you silent ?
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
 'T is hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well ; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I
 pray you ?

Doct. Ay, sir : there are a crew of wretched souls
 That stay his cure : their malady convinces
 The great assay of art ; but, at his touch,
 Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
 They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.*]

Macd. What 's the disease he means ?

Mal. 'T is call'd the evil ;

A most miraculous work in this good king :
 Which often, since my here-remain in England,
 I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
 Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,
 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;

* Is it not that the "ten thousand warlike men" were already assembled "at a point"—at a particular spot where they had collected—a point of space.

Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers : and 't is spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here ?

Mal. My countryman ; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now : Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers !

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Rosse. Alas, poor country ;

Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave : where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy ; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who ; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true !

Mal. What 's the newest grief ?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;
Each minute tears a new one.

Macd. How does my wife ?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children ?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings, Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour Of many worthy fellows that were out; Which was to my belief witness'd the rather, For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot: Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland Would create soldiers, make our women fight To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort, We are coming thither: gracious England hath Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men; An older, and a better soldier, none That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.*

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife, and babes,

* Latch them—lay hold of them.

Savagely slaughter'd : to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven !—

What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;
Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too ?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could be
found.

Macd. And I must be from thence ! My wife kill'd
too ?

Rosse. I have said. *

Mal. Be comforted :

Let 's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones ?
Did you say, all ?—O, hell-kite !—All ?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop ?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so ;

But I must also feel it as a man :
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls : Heaven rest them now !

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword : let grief
Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue !—But gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission ; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself ;
Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too !

Mal. .

This time^a goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;

Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
may;

The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt.

^a Time.—Howe changed this to time. Gifford has shown, in a note on *Masque*, that the two words were once synonymous in a musical acceptation; and that *time* was the more ancient and common term.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.**Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.*

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 't is most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—*On:* Two: Why, then 't is time to do 't:—Hell is murky:—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him!

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo 's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone; To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit LADY MACBETH.*]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night:
My mind she has mated,^a and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Country near Dunsinane.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.

Mac. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them: for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.^b

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,

^a *Mated*—amated—dismayed.

^b *Mortified man*.—We think, with Warburton, that the poet here means a hermit or religious ascetic,—one indifferent to the concerns of the world, but who would be excited to fight by such "causes" of revenge as Macduff comes with.

And many unrough youths, that even now
 Protest their first of manhood.

Ment.

What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
 Some say he 's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
 Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
 He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
 Within the belt of rule.

Ang.

Now does he feel

His secret murders sticking on his hands;
 Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
 Those he commands move only in command,
 Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
 Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
 Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment.

Who then shall blame

His poster'd senses to recoil, and start,
 When all that is within him does condemn
 Itself, for being there?

Cath.

Well, march we on,

To give obedience where 't is truly ow'd:
 Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;
 And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
 Each drop of us.

Jen.

Or so much as it needs,

To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
 Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all;
 Fill Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
 I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm?
 Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
 All mortal consequences have pronounce'd me thus:

'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false
thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag^a with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-che'd loon;
Where gott'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick
at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or dis-seat me now.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life^b

Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:

And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure

Macb. What news more?

^a *Sagg*—sink down.

^b Gifford says, "way of life is neither more nor less than a simple periphrasis for life."

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'T is not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skir^a the country round ;

Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour :—

How does your patient, doctor ?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that :
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd :
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on ; give me my staff :—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me :—
Come, sir, despatch :—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna,^b or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence ?—Hearest thou of
them ?

Doct. Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

^a *Skir*—sour—scour.

^b *Senna*.—We are not sure about this word. The original reads *cyna*.

Macb. Bring it after me.—
 I will not be afraid of death and bane,
 Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*
Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
 Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Country near Dunsinane. A Wood in view.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old BIRWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNES, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSS, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,
 That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Sis. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
 And bear 't before him; thereby shall we shadow
 The numbers of our host, and make discovery
 Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Sis. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
 Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
 Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'T is his main hope:
 For where there is advantage to be given,
 Both more and less^a have given him the revolt;
 And none serve with him but constrained things,
 Whose hearts are absent too.

Macb. Let our just censures
 Attend the true event, and put we on
 Industrious soldiery.

Sis. The time approaches,

^a *More and less.*—Shakspeare uses these words, as Chapman and Spenser use them, for *greater and less*.

That will with due decision make us know
 What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
 Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
 But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
 Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

*Enter, with drums and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON,
 and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
 The cry is still, "They come:" Our castle's strength
 Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
 Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
 Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
 We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
 And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[*A cry within, of women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
 The time has been, my senses would have cool'd it
 To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
 As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
 Direness, familiar to my slaughter'd thoughts,
 Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
 There would have been a time for such a word.—
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

* *Duty.*—Douce has the following valuable illustration of the passage: "Perhaps no quotation can be better calculated to show the propriety of this epithet than the following grand

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and, anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave!

[*Striking him.*

Mess. Let me endure your wrath if 't be not so;
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth:
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam-wood
Do come to Dunsinane;"—and now a wood

lines in 'The Vision of Piers Plowman,' a work which Shak-
spere might have seen:—

"Death came drivynge after, and all to dust pashed
Kynges and kayseres, knyghtes and popes."

* Monck Mason gives an illustration from Fletcher, which
explains the use of *pull* in:—

"All my spirits
As if they had heard my passing bell go for me,
Fell in their powers, and give me up to destiny."

Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell:—Blow wind! come wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Plain before the Castle.*

*Enter, with drums and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD,
MACDUFF, &c., and their Army, with boughs.*

Mal. Now, near enough; your heavy screens throw
down,
And show like those you are:—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Sic. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all
breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same. Another part of the
Plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter
name

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a
title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[They fight, and young SIWARD is slain.]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. *[Exit.]*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, show thy
face:

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!

And more I beg not. *[Exit. Alarums.]*

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently
render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;

The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mac. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Sir. Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Re-enter. Alarm.*]

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool and die
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out. [*They fight.*]

Macb. ~~There's longest labour:~~
As easy mayst thou the intruchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accused be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward;

And live to be the slow and gase o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
"Here may you see the tyrant."

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough."
[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colours,
MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS,
CATHNESS, MENTETH, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.
Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of
sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why, then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He 's worth more sorrow,
And that I 'll spend for him.

Siss. He 's worth no more ;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score :
And so, God be with him !—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head.

Macd. Hail, king ! for so thou art : Behold,th where stands

The usurper's cursed head : the time is free :
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds ;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland !

All. Hail, king of Scotland ! [*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What 's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life ;—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place :
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

END OF MACBETH.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'THE Life of Tymon of Athens' was first published in the folio collection of 1623. The text, in this first edition, has no division into acts and scenes. We have reason to believe that, with a few exceptions, it is accurately printed from the copy which was in the possession of Heminge and Condell; and we have judged it important to follow that copy with very slight variations. In our fuller editions we have entered into a minute examination of this play, for the purpose of expressing our belief that it was founded by Shakspeare upon some older play, of which much has been retained; and that our poet's hand can only be traced with certainty in those scenes in which Timon appears.

The Timon of Shakspeare is not the Timon of the popular stories of Shakspeare's day. The 28th novel of 'The Palace of Pleasure' has for its title "*Of the strange and beastly nature of Timon of Athens, enemy to mankind.*" According to this authority, "he was a man but by shape only"—he lived "a beastly and churlish life." Neither was the Timon of Plutarch the Timon of Shakspeare. The Greek biographer, indeed, tells us, that he was angry with all men, and would trust no man, "for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends;" but that he was represented as "a viper and malicious

men unto mankind, to shun all other men's companies but the company of young Alcibiades, a bold and insolent youth." The *Timon* of Plutarch, and of the popular stories of Shakspeare's time, was little different from the ordinary cynic. The *Timon* of Shakspeare is in many respects essentially different from any model with which we are acquainted, but it approaches nearer, as Mr. Skottowe first observed, to the *Timon* of Lucian than the commentators have pointed out. The character of Shakspeare's misanthrope presents one of the most striking creations of his originality.

The vices of Shakspeare's *Timon* are not the vices of a sensualist. It is true that his offices have been oppressed with riotous feeders,—that his vaults have wept with drunken spilth of wine,—that every room

"Hath blar'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;"

But he has nothing selfish in the enjoyment of his prodigality and his magnificence. He himself truly expresses the weakness as well as the beauty of his own character: "Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits, and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 't is, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes!" Charles Lamb, in his contrast between '*Timon of Athens*' and Hogarth's '*Rake's Progress*,' has scarcely done justice to *Timon*: "The wild course of riot and extravagance, ending in the one with driving the Prodigal from the society of men into the solitude of the deserts; and, in the other, with conducting Hogarth's *Rake* through his several

stages of dissipation into the still more complete desolations of the mad-house, in the play and in the picture are described with almost equal force and nature." Hogarth's *Rake* is all sensuality and selfishness; *Timon* is essentially high-minded and generous: he truly says, in the first chill of his fortunes—

"No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart.
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given."

In his splendid speech to Ajemantus in the fourth act, he distinctly proclaims, that in the weakness with which he had lavished his fortunes upon the unworthy, he had not pampered his own passions:—

"Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows."

The all-absorbing defect of *Timon*—the root of those generous vices which wear the garb of virtue—is the entire want of discrimination (by which he is also characterized in Lucian's dialogue). Shakspeare has seized upon this point, and held firmly to it. He releases Ventidius from prison,—he bestows an estate upon his ser-

vant,—he lavishes jewels upon all the dependants who crowd his board. That universal philanthropy, of which the most selfish men sometimes talk, is in Timon an active principle; but let it be observed that he has no preferences—a most remarkable example of the profound sagacity of Shakspeare. Had he loved a single human being with that intensity which constitutes affection in the relation of the sexes, and friendship in the relation of man to man, he would have been exempt from that unjudging lavishness which was necessary to satisfy his morbid craving for human sympathy.

With this key to Timon's character, it appears to us that we may properly understand the "general and exceptless rashness" of his misanthropy. The only relations in which he stood to mankind are utterly destroyed. In lavishing his wealth as if it were a common property, he had believed that the same common property would flow back to him in his hour of adversity. "O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we never have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves." His false confidence is at once, and irreparably, destroyed. If Timon had possessed one friend with whom he could have interchanged confidence upon equal terms, he would have been saved from his fall, and certainly from his misanthropy.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4
sc. 6. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

LUCIUS, a Lord, and a flatterer of Timon.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.

LUCILIUS, a Lord, and a flatterer of Timon.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

SEMPRONIUS, a Lord, and a flatterer of Timon.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 3.

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.

appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 3.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian general.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 6.
Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 5.*

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4. Act IV
sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2.*

FLAMINIUS, servant to Timon.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 4.

LUCILIUS, servant to Timon.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

SERVILIUS, servant to Timon.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4.

CAPHIS, servant to Timon's creditors.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.

PHILOTUS, servant to Timon's creditors.

Appears, Act III. sc. 4.

TITUS, servant to Timon's creditors.

Appears, Act III. sc. 4.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LUCIUS, *servant to Timon's creditors.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 4.

HORTENSIVS, *servant to Timon's creditors.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 4.

Two Servants of Varro, *a creditor of Timon.*

Appear, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 4.

A Servant of Isidore, *a creditor of Timon.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

Cupid and Maskers.

Appear, Act I. sc. 2.

Three Strangers.

Appear, Act III. sc. 2.

Poet.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

Painter.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.

Jeweller.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

Merchant.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

An old Athenian.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

A Page.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

A Fool.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2.

PHRYNIA, *a mistress to Alcibiades.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

TIMANDRA, *a mistress to Alcibiades.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

*Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti,
and Attendants.*

SCENE,—**ATHENS**, AND THE WOODS ADJOINING.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Hall in Timon's House.**Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others,
at several doors.**Poet.* Good day, sir.*Pain.* I am glad you are well.*Poct.* I have not seen you long: How goes the world?*Pain.* It wears, sir, as it grows.*Poet.* Ay, that 's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other 's a jeweller.*Mer.* O, 't is a worthy lord!*Jew.* Nay, that 's most fix'd.*Mer.* A most incomparable man; breath'd,^a as it
were,

To an untirable and continue goodness:
He passes.^b

^a *Breath'd.* When Hamlet says,

"It is the *breathing* time of day with me,"

he refers to the time of habitual exercise, by which his animal strength was fitted for "untirable and continue" exertion. The analogy between this and the habitual exercise of "goodness" is obvious.

^b *He passes*—he excels, he goes beyond common virtues.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let us see 't: For the lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: But, for that—

Poet. "When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good."^a

Mer. 'T is a good form. [*Looking at the jewel.*]

Jew. And rich: here is a water. look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poetry is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 't is nourished: The fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.^b What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my prescutinent, sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'T is a good piece.

Poet. So 't is: this comes off well and excellent

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speaks his own standing!^c what a mental power
Thus eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

^a The poet is here supposed to be reading his own performance.

^b This passage has been considered difficult, but if we receive *bound* in the sense of boundary, obstacle, the image is tolerably clear.

^c The commentators have not noticed what appears to us tolerably obvious, that the fluttering painter had brought with him a portrait of Timon, in which the grace of the attitude spoke "his own standing,"—the habitual carriage of the original.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch : Is 't good ?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature : artificial strife^a
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord 's follow'd !

Poet. The senators of Athens :—Happy men !

Pain. Look, more !

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of
visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment : My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax :^b no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. I'll unfold^c to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services to lord Timon : his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself : even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

^a *Artificial strife*—the contest of art with nature.

^b An allusion to the ancient practice of writing upon waxen tablets with a style.

^c *Unfold*—unfold, explain.

Pain.

I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd. The base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinds of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain.

'T is conceiv'd to scope.

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.^a

Poet.

Nay, sir, but hear me on:

All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his sturup, and through him
Drink the free air.^b

Pain.

Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of
mood,

Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'T is common:

A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,

^a Condition is here used for art.

^b Drink the free air—live, breathe but through him.

To show lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended; the Servant of VENTIDIUS talking with him.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;

His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;

I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
'T is not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour. [*Erit.*]

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself,*
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To *LUCILIUS*] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune I would strain a little,

* The following is Coleridge's explanation of this passage:
—"The meaning of the first line the poet himself explains, or
rather unfolds, in the second. 'The man is honest!'—'True;
and for that very cause, and with no additional or extrinsic
motive, he will be so. No man can be justly called honest, who
is not so for honesty's sake, itself including its own reward.'"

For 't is a bond in men. Give him thy daughter :
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and Old Athenian.*]

Post. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon :
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man ;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside : These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work ;
And you shall find I like it : wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your hand
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jero. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A meer satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 't is extoll'd
It would unclaw me quite.

Jero. My lord, 't is rated
As those which sell would give: But you well know
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear with your lordship.

Mer. He 'll ~~speak~~ none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st I do; I called thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That 's a deed thou 'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he 's but a filthy piece of work.

Paia. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother 's of my generation: What 's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou 'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That 's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 't is worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That 's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic 's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet 's that ?

Serv. 'T is Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray entertain them ; give them guide to us.—

[Exeunt some Attendants.]

You must needs dine with me :—Go not you hence ;
Till I have thank'd you ; and, when dinner 's done,
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sight.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his company.

Most welcome, sir ! *[They salute.]*

Apem. So, so ; there !—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints !—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet
knaves,

And all this court'ry ! The strain of man 's bred out
Into baloon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir.

Ere we depart, we 'll share a bounteous time

In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.]

Enter Two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time a day is 't, Apemantus ?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou that still omitt'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay ; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat
fools.

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus ?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

2 Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.

[*Exit.*

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 Lord. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in Timon's House.*

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,

Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.*]

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devis'd at first

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me.

[*They sit.*]
1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No, you shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou 'rt a churl; you have got a humour there

Does not become a man, 't is much to blame:—

They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,

But yond' man's very angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for 't, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil,* Timon;

I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian;

* *Apperil.* The word repeatedly occurs in Ben Jonson, as in the 'Tale of a Tub':—

"As you will answer it at your apperil."

therefore welcome : I myself would have no power :
prithce, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat ; 't would choke me, for I
should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods ! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not !
It grieves me to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood ; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men :
Methinks, they should invite them without knives ;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There 's much example for 't ; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him : it has been prov'd.
If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals ;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes :
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart ; and let the health go round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way ! A brave fellow !—he keeps
his tides well.

Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill,
Timon :

Here 's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire :
This, and my food, are equals ; there 's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf ;
I pray for no man, but myself :
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond ;

* Every guest in our author's time brought his own knife.

Or a harlot, for her weeping ;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping ;
Or a keeper with my freedom ;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to 't :
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus !

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like them ; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then ; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you : How had you been my friends else ? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf ; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of them ? they were the most needless creatures living should we ne'er have use for them : and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits : and

what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 't is to have so many like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much!^a [Tucket sounded.

Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cvp. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all That of his bounties taste!—the five best senses—Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise:

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance.

Music, make their welcome. [Exit Cupid.

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample y'are belov'd:

^a *Much*—an ironical and contemptuous expression.

Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apem. Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives that 's not depraved, or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?
I should fear those that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done:
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto 't, and lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for it.

I Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you: please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.*

Tim. Flavius!

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; [Aside.

Else I should tell him,—Well,—i' faith, I should,

When all 's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.

'T is pity bounty had not eyes behind;

That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[Exit, and returns with the casket.

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 Lord. Our horses.

Tim. O my friends,

I have one word to say to you;—Look you, my good
lord,

I must entreat you, honour me so much,

As to advance this jewel; accept it, and wear it,

Kind my lord.

1 Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,

Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:

I prithee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how. [Aside.

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. May it please your honour, the lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you

Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gen-

tleman, lord Laecilius, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd, Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to? He commands us to provide, and give great gifts, And all out of an empty coffer.— Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this, To show him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good; His promises fly so beyond his state, That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes for every word;

He is so kind, that he now pays interest for't; His lands put to their books. Well, 'would I were Gently put out of office, before I were forc'd out! Happier is he that has no friend to seal, Than such that do even enemies exceed. I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*]

Tim. You do yourselves Much wrong, you hate too much of your own merits: Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 Lord. O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave Good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it!

2 Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect: I weigh my friend's affection with mine own; I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

All Lords.

None so welcome

Tim. I take all and your several visitations

So kind to heart, 't is not enough to give;
 Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
 And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
 Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
 It comes 'a charity to thee: for all thy living
 Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
 Lie in a patch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defil'd land, my lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound,—

Tim. And so

Am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endear'd—

Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights.

1 Lord. The best of happiness,

Honour and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt ALCEBIADES, Lords, &c.*]

Apem. What a coil 's here!

Serving of becks, and jutting out of burns!

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums

That are given for 'em.* Friendship 's full of dregs:

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
 I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for if I should be brib'd
 too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and
 then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long,
 Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper
 shortly:† What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I
 am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and
 come with better music. [*Exit.*]

Apem. So;—Thou 'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt
 not then. I'll lock thy heaven from thee.

O, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[*Exit.*]

* Be ruined by the securities you give.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in a Senator's House.*

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand:^a to Varro, and to Isidore,

He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,^b
And able horses: No porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by.^c It cannot hold; no reason
Can sound^d his state in safety. Caphis, ho!

Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir: What is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord
Timon.

Importune him for my monies; be not ceas'd

^a We follow the punctuation of the original. It appears to us that the senator is recapitulating what Timon owes himself—"and late, five thousand"—"besides my former sum, which makes it five-and-twenty" The mention of what Timon owes to Varro and Isidore is parenthetical.

^b *Straight*—immediately.

^c The porter at a great man's gate was proverbially a repulsive person.

^d *Sound*. The meaning appears to be, that no reason which fathoms Timon's state can find it safe.

With slight denial ; nor then silenc'd, when—
" Commend me to your master "—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus :—but tell him, sirrah,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own ; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit : I love, and honour him ;
But must not break my back, to heal his finger :
Immediate are my needs ; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone :
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand : for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. Ay, go, Sir.—Take the bouds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caph.

I will, sir.

Sen.

Go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter FLAVIUS with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop ! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot : Takes no account
How things go from him ; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue. Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done ? He will not hear, till feel :
I must be round with him, now he comes from
 hunting.
Fye, fye, fye, fye !

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro:^a What,
You come for money?

Var. Serv. Is 't not your business too?

Caph. It is;—and yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? What is your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own: and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I prithee but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. Serv. 'T was duſon forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past,—

^a Good even, Varro. It is remarkable that the servants in this scene take the names of their masters, like the Lord Duke and Sir Charles of 'High Life Below Stairs.'

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[*Exeunt ALCIBIADES and Lords.*]

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you,

[*To FLAVIUS.*]

How goes the world that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of debt, broken bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends:
See them well entertained.

[*Exit TIMON.*]

Flav. Pray draw near. [*Exit FLAV.*]

Enter APEMANTUS and Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No; 't is to thyself.—Come away. [*To the Fool.*]

Isid. Serv. [*To VAR. SERV.*] There's the fool hangs
on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him
yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues and
usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [To the Fool.] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[Exit Page.]

Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'T is a spirit: sometime it appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one: He is very often like a knight, and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.*]

Flav. 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Serv.*]

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leasures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to :
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back ;
And that unaptness made your minister,^a
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord !
At many times I brought in my accounts ;
Laid them before you ; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept :
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close : I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks ; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My lov'd lord,
Though you hear now, (too late !) yet now 's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.
Flav. 'T is all engag'd, some forfeited and gone ;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues : the future comes apace :
What shall defend the interim ? and at length
How goes our reckoning ?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word ;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone ?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,

^a The meaning of this construction is,—perchance you made that unaptness your minister.

When all our offices^a have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blas'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord
Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there!—Flaminius! Servilius!

^a *Offices.* These are not the apartments for servants, in our present acception of the term, but rooms of hospitality.

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You to lord Lucius,—to lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour to-day;—you, to Sempronius: Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use them toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? humph! [*Aside.*

Tim. Go you, sir, [*to another Serv.*] to the senators, (Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o' the instant A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way,)
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is 't true? can 't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'t is pity—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!
'Prithee, man, look cheerly! These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 't is cold, it seldom flows;
'T is lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,

Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.
Go to Ventidius,—[to a Serv.] 'Prithee, [to FLAVIUS]
be not sad,

Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee :—[to Serv.] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death he 's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents :—that had, [to FLAV.] give 't
these fellows

To whom 't is instant due. Ne'er speak, or think
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would I could not think it: That thought
is bounty's foe;
Being free itself it thinks all others so. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in Lucullus's House.*FLAMINIUS *waiting. Enter a Servant to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver hason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively^a welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 't is, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on 't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no

^a *Respectively*—respectfully.

warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty^a is his; I ha' told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him from 't.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here 's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee—Get you gone, sirrah.—[*To the Servant, who goes out.*—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord 's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here 's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is 't possible, the world should so much differ: And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee!

[*Throwing the money away.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.

[*Exit LUCULLUS.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave unto his honour
Has my lord's meat in him;
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,

^a *Honesty* is here used in the sense of liberality.

When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon 't!
And, when he 's sick to death, let not that part of
nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.

SCENE II.—*A public Place.*

Enter LUCIUS, with Three Strangers. ♀

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man; there was very little honour showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied him occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder 's my lord; I have

sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,—

[To LUCIUS.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord: requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul 't is true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! How unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now before the gods I am not able to do 't, the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me humbly to his good lordship: and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius,—

[Exit SERVILIUS.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed ;
And he that 's once denied will hardly speed.

[Exit Lucius.]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius ?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this is the world's soul ;
And just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's sport : who can call him his friend
That dips in the same dish ? for, in my knowing,
Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse ;
Supported his estate ; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages : He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip :
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape !)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend ; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart : But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense :
For policy sits above conscience.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Sempronius's House.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't ? Humph !
'bove all others ?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd and found base metal; &
For they have all denied him!

Serv. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? humph!—
It shows but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,

Thrice give him over: Must I take th' cure upon me?
H' has much disgrac'd me in 't, I 'm angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for 't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I 'll requite it last? No.

So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
H' had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I had such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship 's a goodly villain.
The devil knew not what he did when he made man
politic; he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think,
but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear.
How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes vir-
tuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot
ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire: Of such a
nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope ; now all are fled,
 Save only the gods : Now his friends are dead,
 Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
 Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
 Now to guard sure their master.
 And this is all a liberal course allows ;
 Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants to Timon's creditors, waiting his coming out.

Var. Serv. Well met ; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.
Hor. Lucius ?

What, do we meet together ?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think
 One business doth command us all ; for mine
 Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And, sir,
 Philotus too !

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother,
 What do you think the hour ?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much ?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet ?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on 't ; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him :

You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,
'T is deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, our may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I 'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 Var. Serv. Yes, mine 's three thousand crowns:
What 's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

1 Var. Serv. 'T is much deep: and it should seem
by the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine:
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! sir, a word: 'Pray, is my lord
ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; 'Pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are
too diligent.

[*Exit* FLAMINIUS.]

Enter FLAVIUS, in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tim. Do you hear, sir?

1 Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tim. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav.

As

If money were as certain as your waiting,

'T were sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?

Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,

And take down th' interest into their gluttonous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up;

Let me pass quietly:

Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 't will not serve, 't is not so base as you;

For you serve knaves.

[*Exit.*

1 Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2 Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? Such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tim. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from 't: for, take 't of my soul, my lord leans wond'rously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him; he is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick :

And if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods !

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help !—my lord ! my lord !

Enter TIMON, in a rage ; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage ?

Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol ?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart ?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em : cleave me to the girdle.*

Luc. Serv. Alas ! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.

What yours ?—and yours ?

1 Var. Serv. My lord,—

* The quibble which Timon here employs is used by Dekker in his 'Gull's Hornbook ;'—"They durst not *strike down* their customers with large *bills* ;" the allusion is to *bills*, or battle-axes.

2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!

[*Erit.*

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:

Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So, fitly. Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all: I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee; invite them all; let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Senate House.*

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it;
The fault's bloody;

'T is necessary he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 Sen. Now, captain.

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases t'ne, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault,)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 't was spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He 's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe;
And make his wrongs his outsides,
To wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 't is to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord,—

1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,

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If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the hearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the ass, more captain than the lion;
The fellow loaden with iron, wiser than the fadge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 't is most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain? his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Bysantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What 's that?

Alcib. Why, say, my lords, h' has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em.
He 's a sworn rioter: he has a sin
That often drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 't is inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.

My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both :
And, for I know, your reverend ages love security,
I 'll pawn my victories, all my honour to you,
Upon his good returns.

If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why let the war receive 't in valiant gore ;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies ; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure : Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so ? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How ?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.*

What ?

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me ;
It could not else be I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace :
My wounds ache at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger ?
'T is in few words, but spacious in effect ;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib.

Banish me ?

Banish your dotage ; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our
spirit,

He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough ; that you
may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you !
I 'm worse than mad : I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out

Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts:—All those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
T is honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. ^ⁱ *[Exit.]*

SCENE VI.—*A magnificent Room in Timon's House.*

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, at several doors.

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here 's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 Lord. A thousand pieces!

1 Lord. What of you?

3 Lord. He sent to me, sir.—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1 Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willingly than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to 't presently.

1 Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*]

2 Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that when your lordship this other day sent to me I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

2 Lord. All covered dishes!

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Lord. Doubt not that, if money, and the season, can yield it.

1 Lord. How do you? What's the news?

3 Lord. Alcibiades is banished: Hear you of it?

1 & 2 Lord. Alcibiades banished!

3 Lord. 'T is so, be sure of it.

1 *Lord.* How ? how ?

2 *Lord.* I pray you upon what ?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near ?

3 *Lord.* I 'll tell you more anon. Here 's a noble feast toward.

2 *Lord.* This is the old man still.

3 *Lord.* Will 't hold, will 't hold ?

2 *Lord.* It does : but time will—and so—

3 *Lord.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that ~~spoke~~ as he would to the lip of his mistress : your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place : Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves praised : but reserve still to give lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another : for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains : If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes uncovered, are full of warm water.*]

Some speak. What does his lordship mean ?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends ! smoke and lukewarm
water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last ;

Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their faces.]

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours and minute-jacks!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou;—

[Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none —
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain 's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity.

[Exit.]

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords, and Senators.

1 Lord. How now, my lords?

2 Lord. Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 Lord. Pish! did you see my cap?

4 Lord. I have lost my gown.

3 Lord. He 's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

4 Lord. Did you see my cap?

2 Lord. Here 't is.

4 Lord. Here lies my gown.

1 Lord. Let 's make no stay.

2 Lord. Lord Timon 's mad.

3 Lord. I feel 't upon my bones.

4 Lord. One day he gives 'us diamonds, next day stones.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the Walls of Athens.**Enter TIMON.*

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdles in those wolves, dive in the earth, &c.
And fence not Athens!^a Matrons turn, incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! To general filths
Convert,^b o' the instant, green Virginity—
Do't in your parent's eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law! Maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap

^a We follow the punctuation of the original. When Timon says, "let me look back upon thee," he apostrophizes the city generally—the seat of his splendour and his misery. To say nothing of the metrical beauty of the pause after *thee*, there is much greater force and propriety, as it appears to us, in the arrangement which we adopt.

^b Convert is here used in the sense of turn—turn yourself "green virginity."

On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Athens. *A Room in Timon's House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, with Two or Three Servants.

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where 's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke! .
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,

A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 't were a knell unto our master's fortunes,
"We have seen better days." Let each take some;
[*Giving them money.*]

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]
O, the fierce* wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,^b
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—bless'd to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched—thy great fortunes

* *Fierce*—violent, excessive. ^b *Blood*—natural disposition.

Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord !
He 's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends :
Nor has he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it.
I 'll follow, and inquire him out :
I 'll ever serve his mind with my best will ;
Whilst I have gold I 'll be his steward still. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*The Woods.**Enter TIMON.*

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity ; below thy sister's orb
Infest the air ! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes ;
The greater scorns the lesser : Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature :
Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord ;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour :
It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him lean.* Who dares, who dares,

* There is considerable obscurity in all this passage, both in the progress of the thought and the form of expression. It appears to us that it may be simplified by bearing in mind that one idea runs through the whole from the commencement, "*twinn'd brothers*," down to "*the want that makes him lean*." Touch the twinn'd brothers with several fortunes, that is, with different fortunes, and the greater scorns the lesser. The poet then interposes a reflection that man's nature, obnoxious as it is to all miseries, cannot bear great fortune without contempt of kindred nature. The greater and the lesser brothers now change places :—

" Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord."

The lord is now despised, the beggar now honoured ; and the poet goes on to show that the difference of property is the sole

In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say, "This man 's a flatterer"? If one be,
 So are they all; for every grize^a of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
 There 's nothing level in our curs'd natures,
 But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
 Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me^{quots}!

[Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison! What is here?
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
 No, gods, I am no idle votarist.
 Roota, you clear heavens! Thus much of this, will
 make
 Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
 Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
 Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why
 this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:^b
 This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
 Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,
 With senators on the bench: this is it,

cause of the difference of estimation. He puts this in the most contemptuous way, making the power of feeding and fattening constitute the great distinction between the brother, whose pasture lards his sides, and *him*, the other brother, whose want produces leanness.

^a *Grise*, grease, grice, gree, are all words expressing a step—a degree.

^b *Stout* means here, in health. There was a notion that the departure of the dying was rendered easier by removing the pillow from under their heads.

That makes the wappen'd widow wed again :
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April-day again.* Come, damned earth,
Thou comme, whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*—Ha! a
drum?—Thou 'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee : Thou 'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand :—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, with drum and fife, in warlike
manner ; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

Alcib. Speak, what art thou there ?

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy
heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man !

Alcib. What is thy name ? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man ?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well ;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too ; and more, than that I know
thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum ;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules :
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel ;
Then what should war be ? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off !

* *The April-day* is not the fool's day, as Johnson imagined ;
but simply the spring-time of life.

Tim. I will not kiss thee ; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change ?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give :
But then renew I could not, like the moon ;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee ?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon ?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none : If
thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art
a man ! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou'rt
a man !

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now ; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully ?

Tim. Art thou Timandra ?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still ! They love thee not that use
thee.

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours : season the slaves
For tubs and baths ; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster !

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra ; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band : I have heard, and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I prithee beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:

Here's some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep 't, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
and thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born to
conquer my country.

Put up thy gold: Go on,—here's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one:

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He's an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

But set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse: * Swear against objects;

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:

* An allusion to the 'Tale of Oedipus,' according to Johnson.

Make large confusion ; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself ! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet ? I'll take the gold thou
giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon
thee !

Phr. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon :
Hast thou more ?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a hawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant : You are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions : Be whores still ;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up ;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats : Yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary : And thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead ;—some that were hang'd,
No matter :—wear them, betray with them : whore
still ;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face :
A pox of wrinkles !

Phr. & Timan. Well, more gold ;—What then ;—
Believe 't, that we'll do anything for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly : hear the flamen
That spolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself : down with the nose,
Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee,

Smells from the general weal : make curl'd-pate ruffians bald ;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you : Plague all ;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold :
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all !^a

Phr. & Timan. More counsel with more money,
bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first ; I have given
you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Fare-
well, Timon ;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm ?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—
Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt ALCIBIADES, PERYNIA,
and TIMANDRA.*]

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry ;—Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*]

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven—

^a So in 'Chapman's Homer's Iliad :—

—“ The throats of dogs shall grave
His manly limbs.”

Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all the human souls doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Enscar thy fertile and conception's womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn flax;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'T is then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus:
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bade welcome,
To knaves and all approachers: 'T is most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likenesses.

Tim. Were I like thee I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moist trees,
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's;
Dost please thyself in 't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 't were well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou 'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
 Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
 With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
 Hailst thou, like us, from our first swath proceeded
 The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
 To such as may the passive drugs of it
 Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
 In general riot; melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary;
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment;
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden:
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
 Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate
 men?

They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?
 If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
 Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
 To some she beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone?
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim.

Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim.

I, that I am one now;

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
 That the whole life of Athens were in this!
 Thus would I eat it.

[Eating a root.]

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*]

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'T is not well mended so, it is but botch'd ;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens ?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold ; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest :
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon ?

Tim. Under that 's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus ?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat ; or, rather,
where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my
mind !

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it ?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends : When thou wast in
thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too
much curiosity ;^a in thy rags thou knowest none, but
art despised for the contrary. There 's a medlar for
thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar ?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou
shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man
didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his
means ?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst
thou ever know beloved ?

^a *Curiosity—niceness, delicacy.*

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee ; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers ?

Tim. Women nearest ; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power ?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men. @

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts ?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to ! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee : if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee : if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass : if thou wert the ass, thy dullness would torment thee ; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf : if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner : wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury : wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse ; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard : wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life : all thy safety were remotion ; and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast ? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation !

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here : The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts,

Tim. How ! has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city ?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter : The plague of company light upon thee : I will fear to catch

it, and give way: When I know not what else to do,
I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou
shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog,
than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose

A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going*

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought

But even the mere necessities upon 't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*]

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
 That solder'st close impossibilities,
 And mak'st them kin! that speak'st with every tongue
 To every purpose! O thou touch^a of hearts!
 Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
 Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
 May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 't were so;—
 But not till I am dead!—I 'll say, thou hast gold:
 Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I prithee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.

[Exit APEMANTUS.

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

1 *Bas.* Where should he have this gold? It is some
 poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The
 mere want of gold, and the falling from of his friends,
 drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Bas.* It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Bas.* Let us make the assay upon him. If he care
 not for 't, he will supply us easily; If he covetously
 reserve it, how shall 's get it?

2 *Bas.* True; for he bears it not about him, 't is hid.

1 *Bas.* Is not this he?

Banditti. Where?

2 *Bas.* 'T is his description.

3 *Bas.* He; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

^a Touch—touchstone.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is you want much of meat. Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots; Within this mile break forth a hundred springs: The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips; The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?
I Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water, As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes:

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited^a professions. Rascal thieves,
Here 's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape,
Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob. Take wealth and lives together;
Do villainy, do, since you protest^b to do 't
Like workmen. I 'll example you with thievery:
The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing 's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft.^c Love not yourselves: away;

^a *Limited*—legalized.

^b *Protest*. The ordinary reading is *profess*. There appears no necessity for the change, for either word may be used in the sense of to declare openly.

^c That is, the laws, being powerful, have their theft unchecked.

Rob one another. There's more gold : Cut throats ;
 All that you meet are thieves : To Athens go ;
 Break open shops ; nothing can you steal,
 But thieves do lose it : Steal not less, for this
 I give you ; and gold confound you howsoever !

Amen.

[TIMON retires to his cave.]

3 Ban. He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us ; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 Ban. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens : There is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

[Exeunt Banditti.]

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods !

Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord ?

Full of decay and failing ? O monument

And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd !

What an alteration of honour has

Desperate want made !

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends :

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,

When man was wish'd to love his enemies :

Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo

Those that would mischief me, than those that do !

He has caught me in his eye : I will present

My honest grief unto him ; and, as my lord,

Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master !

TIMON comes forward from his cave.

Tim. Away ! what art thou ?

Flav.

Have you forgot me, sir ?

Tim. Why dost ask that ? I have forgot all men ;

Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not.

I ne'er had honest man about me ; ay, all
I kept were knaves to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer :—then
I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind ; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping :
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping !

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable ?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.
Let me behold thy face.—Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods ! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one ;—
No more, I pray,—and he 's a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself : But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now than wise ;
For by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service :
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness ; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one ?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late ;
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast :
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living : and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I 'd exchange
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 't is so !—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take :—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy :
But thus condition'd : Thou shalt build from men ;
Hate all, curse all : show charity to none :
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swallow them,
Debts wither them to nothing : Be men like blasted
woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods !
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay, and comfort you my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
Stay not : fly, whilst thou art bless'd and free ;
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before Timon's Cave.*

Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON behind, unseen.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What 's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he 's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor struggling soldiers with great quantity: 'T is said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 't is not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that 's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best.

Promising is the very air o' the time;

It opens the eyes of expectation:

Performance is ever the duller for his act;

And, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people,

The deed of saying is quite out of use.

To promise is most courtly and fashionable:

Performance is a kind of will, or testament,
Which argues a great sickness in his judgment
That makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a
man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking
What I shall say I have provided for him :
It must be a personating of himself :
A satire against the softness of prosperity ;
With a discovery of the infinite flatteries
That follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine
own work ? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other
men ? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let 's seek him :
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True ;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I 'll meet you at the turn. What a god 's
gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed !
'T is thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam ;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave :
'To thee be worship ! and thy saints for aye
Be crowned with plagues, that thee alone obey !
'Fit I meet them. [Advancing.]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon !

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men ?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits !

Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I 'm rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better :
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite
you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we 'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men : You have heard that I
have gold ;

I am sure you have : speak truth : you 're honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord : but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men : — Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens : thou art, indeed, the best ;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say : — And, for thy fiction,
[To the Poet.

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
That thou art even natural in thine art. —

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault :

Marry, 't is not monstrous in you ; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Both.

Beseech your honour,

To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this,—but two in
company:—

Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If whet thou art, two villains shall not be, [*To the Pain.*
Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

[*To the Poet.*
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye
slaves:

You have work for me, there's payment: Hence!
You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—
Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter FLAVIUS and Two Senators.

Flav. It is vain that you would speak with Timon;

For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave :
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same : 'T was time, and griefs,
'That fram'd him thus : time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days.
The former man may make him : Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here ! Lord Timon ! Timon !
Look out, and speak to friends : The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee :
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn !—Speak, and
be hang'd :
For each true word, a blister ! and each false
Be as a caut'rising to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking !

1 Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them ; and would send them back the
plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens ; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess,

Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross :
Which now the public body,—which doth seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon ;
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram ;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it ;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears :
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I 'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority :—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild ;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will ; therefore, I will, sir : Thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war ;
Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,

And let him take 't at worst ; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer : for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph ;
It will be seen to-morrow : my long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still ;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough !

1 Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wrack,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 Sen. These words become your lips as they pass
through them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears like great triumphs
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them ;

And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
them :

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 Sen. I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it : Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,

From high to low throughout, that whose please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Whom once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Exit TIMON.]

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Walls of Athens.*

Enter Two Senators, and a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least;
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;—
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,

And made us speak like friends :—this man was riding
 From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
 With letters of entreaty, which imported
 His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
 In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from Timon.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.

3 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
 The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
 Doth choke the air with dust : In, and prepare ;
 Ours is the fall, I fear ; our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a
 Tombstone seen.*

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sold. By all description this should be the place,
 Who 's here ? speak, ho !—No answer ?—What is this ?
 Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span :
 Some beast rear'd this ; there does not live a man.
 Dead, sure ; and this his grave.—What 's on this tomb
 I cannot read ; the character I 'll take with wax :
 Our captain hath in every figure skill ;
 An ag'd interpreter, though young in days :
 Before proud Athens he 's set down by this,
 Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*Before the walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES and Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
 Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*]

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
 With all licentious measure, making your wills
 The scope of justice ; till now, myself, and such

As slept within the shadow of your power,
 Have wander'd with our trav'ers'd arms, and breath'd
 Our sufferance vainly : Now the time is flush,
 When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
 Cries, of itself, " No more : " now breathless wrong
 Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease ;
 And puffy insolence shall break his wind,
 With fear, and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble, and young,
 When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
 Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
 We sent to thee ; to give thy rages balm,
 To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
 Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo
 Transformed Timon to our city's love,
 By humble message, and by promis'd means ;
 We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
 The common stroke of war.

1 Sen. These walls of ours
 Were not erected by their hands from whom
 You have receiv'd your grief : nor are they such
 That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
 For private faults in them.

2 Sen. Nor are they living
 Who were the motives that you first went out ;
 Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess,^a
 Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
 Into our city with thy banners spread :
 By decimation, and a tithed death,
 (If thy revenges hunger for that food,
 Which nature loathes,) take thou the destin'd tenth ;
 And by the hazard of the spotted die,
 Let die the spotted.

^a *Cunning* in this line is not used in an evil sense, but with its ancient meaning of knowledge, wisdom ;—Excessive shame that they have wanted wisdom has broken their hearts.

1 Sen. All have not offended ;
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, revenges : crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage :
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended : like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

1 Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope ;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

2 Sen. Throw thy glove ;
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove,
Descend, and open your uncharged ports ;
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more : and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied, to your public laws,
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'T is most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

The Senators descend, and open the gates.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead ;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea :
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads.*] Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul
Interest :

Seek not my name : A plague consume you wicked caltiffs left !
Here lie I Timon, who, alive, all living men did hate :
Pass by, and curse thy fill ; but pass and stay not here thy gait.

These will express in thee thy latter spirits :
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon ; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword :
Make war breed peace ; make peace stint war ; make
each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.

Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF TIMON OF ATHENS.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE original quarto edition of 'Troilus and Cressida' was printed in 1609. No other edition of the play was published until it appeared in the folio collection of 1623.

"The original story," says Dryden, "was written by one Lollius, a Lombard, in Latin verse, and translated by Chaucer into English; intended, I suppose, a satire on the inconstancy of women. I find nothing of it among the ancients, not so much as the name Cressida once mentioned. Shakspeare (as I hinted), in the *apprenticeship of his writing*, modelled it into that play which is now called by the name of 'Troilus and Cressida.' " Without entering into the question who Lollius was, we at once receive the 'Troilus and Cressida' of Chaucer as the foundation of Shakspeare's play. Of his perfect acquaintance with that poem there can be no doubt. Chaucer, of all English writers, was the one who would have the greatest charm for Shakspeare. Mr. Godwin has justly observed that the Shaksperian commentators have done injustice to Chaucer in not more distinctly associating his poem with this remarkable play. But although the main incidents in the adventures of the Greek lover and his faithless mistress, as given by Chaucer, are followed with little deviation, yet, independent of the wonderful difference in the characterisation, the whole story under the treatment of

Shakspeare becomes thoroughly original. In no play does he appear to us to have a more complete mastery over his materials, or to mould them into more plastic shapes by the force of his most surpassing imagination. The great Homeric poem, the rude romance of the destruction of Troy, the beautiful elaboration of that romance by Chaucer, are all subjected to his wondrous alchemy; and new forms and combinations are called forth so lifelike, that all the representations which have preceded them look cold and rigid statues, not warm and breathing men and women. Coleridge's theory of the principle upon which this was effected is, we have no doubt, essentially true:—

“I am half inclined to believe that Shakspeare's main object (or shall I rather say his ruling impulse?) was to translate the poetic heroes of Paganism into the not less rude, but more intellectually vigorous, and more *featurely*, warriors of Christian chivalry, and to substantiate the distinct and graceful profiles or outlines of the Homeric epic into the flesh and blood of the romantic drama,—in short, to give a grand history-piece in the robust style of Albert Dürer.”*

Dryden, we have seen, speaks of Shakspeare's ‘Troilus and Cressida’ as a work of his apprenticeship. Dryden himself aspired to reform it with his own master-hand. The notion of Dryden was to convert the ‘Troilus and Cressida’ into a regular tragedy. He complains that “the chief persons who give name to the tragedy are left alive: Cressida is false, and is not punished.” The excitement of pity and terror, we are told, is the only

* Literary Remains, vol. II. p. 183.

ground of tragedy. Tragedy, too, must have "a moral that directs the whole action of the play to one centre." To this standard, then, is Shakspeare's 'Troilus and Cressida' to be reduced. The chief persons who give name to the tragedy are *not* to be left alive. Cressida is *not* to be false; but she is to die: and so terror and pity are to be produced. And then comes the moral:—

"Then, since from home-bred factions ruin springs,
Let subjects learn obedience to their kings."

The management by which Dryden has accomplished this metamorphosis is one of the most remarkable examples of perverted ingenuity. He had a licentious age to please. He could not spare a line, or a word, of what may be considered the objectionable scenes between Pandarus, Troilus, and Cressida. They formed no part of the "rubbish" he desired to remove. He has heightened them wherever possible; and what in Shakspeare was a sly allusion becomes with him a positive grossness. Now let us consider for a moment what Shakspeare intended by these scenes. Cressida is the exception to Shakspeare's general idea of the female character. She is beautiful, witty, accomplished,—but she is impure. In her, love is not a sentiment, or a passion,—it is an impulse. Temperament is stronger than will. Her love has nothing ideal, spiritual, in its composition. It is not constant, because it is not discriminate. Setting apart her inconstancy, how altogether different is Cressida from Juliet, or Viola, or Helena, or Perdita! There is nothing in her which could be called love: no depth, no concentration of feeling,—nothing that can

bear the name of *detraction*. Shakspeare would not permit a mistake to be made on the subject; and he has therefore given to Ulysses to describe her, as *he* conceived her. Considering what his intentions were, and what really is the high morality of the characterisation, we can scarcely say that he has made the representation too prominent. When he drew Cressida, we think he had the feeling strong on his mind which gave birth to the 129th Sonnet. A French writer, in a notice of this play, says, "*Les deux amants se voient, s'entendent, et sont heureux.*" Shakspeare has described such happiness:—

"A lilas in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell."

It was this morality that Shakspeare meant to teach when he painted this one exception to the general purity of his female characters.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, King of Troy.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.

HECTOR, son to Priam.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 5. Act V.
sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 9.*

TROILUS, son to Priam.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3;
sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 11.*

PARIS, son to Priam.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV.
sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 8.*

DEIPHOBUS, son to Priam.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

HELENUS, son to Priam.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.

ÆNEAS, a Trojan commander.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3;
sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 11.*

ANTENOR, a Trojan commander.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4.

CALCHAS, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.

Appears, Act III. sc. 3.

* **PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida.**

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act IV.
sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3; sc. 11.*

MARGARELON, a bastard son to Priam.

Appears, Act V. sc. 8.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian general.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV.
sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 10.*

MENE LAUS, brother to Agamemnon.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 8; sc. 10.*

ACHILLES, *a Grecian commander.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 7; sc. 9.

AJAX, *a Grecian commander.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 10.

ULYSSES, *a Grecian commander.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV.
sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 5.

NESTOR, *a Grecian commander.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV.
sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5; sc. 10.

DIOMEDES, *a Grecian commander.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3;
sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 10.

PATROCLUS, *a Grecian commander.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 5.
Act V. sc. 1.

THYRSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1;
sc. 4; sc. 8.

ALEXANDER, *servant to Cressida.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3.

Servant to Troilus.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2.

Servant to Paris.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

Servant to Diomeles.

Appears, Act V. sc. 5.

HELEN, *wife to Menelaus.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

ANDROMACHE, *wife to Hector.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

CASSANDRA, *daughter to Priam; a prophetess.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.

CRESSIDA, *daughter to Calchas.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4;
sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

CENE,—**TROY**, AND THE GRECIAN CAMP BEFORE IT.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PROLOGUE.

In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
 The princes *orgulous*,^a their high blood chaf'd,
 Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war: Sixty and nine that wore
 Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
 Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made
 To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
 The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps,—and that's the quarrel.
 To Tenedos they come;
 And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
 Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains
 The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
 Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
 Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
 And Antenorides, with massy staples,
 And corresponsive and fulfilling^b bolts,
 Sperr up^c the sons of Troy.
 Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come

^a *Orgulous*—proud—the French *orgueilleux*.

^b *Fulfilling*. The verb *fulfil* is here used in the original sense of *fill full*.

^c *Sperr up*. The original has *stirre up*, but we prefer the alteration. The relative positions of each force are contrasted. The Greeks pitch their pavilions on Dardan plains; the Trojans are shut up in their six-gated city. *Sperr* is used in the sense of to fasten, by Spenser and earlier writers.

A prologue arm'd,^a—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt^b and firstlings of those bruits,
Beginning in the fiddle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 't is but the chance of war.

^a *Arm'd.* Johnson has pointed out that the Prologue was spoken by one of the characters in armour. This was noticed, because in general the speaker of the Prologue wore a black cloak.

^b *Vaunt*—the van.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet,^a I'll unarm again :
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within ?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended ?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant ;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, sonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this : for my part I'll not meddle nor make no farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. Ay, the grinding : but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried ?

Pan. Ay, the bolting : but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening : but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking ; nay, you must

^a *Varlet*—a servant. Tooke considers that *varlet* and *vales* are the same ; and that, as well as *harlot*, they mean *hiring*.

stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor! when she comes!—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow that is couch'd in seeming gladness
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's (well, go to), there were no more comparison between the women. But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

Tro. O, Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; ^a to whose soft seizure

^a We do not receive this passage as an interjection beginning "O! that her hand;" for what does Troilus desire?—the wish is incomplete. The meaning we conceive to be rather,—in thy discourse thou handlest that hand of hers, in whose comparison, &c.

The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense =
Hard as the palm of ploughman ;—this thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her ;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in 't. Let her be as
she is : if she be fair 't is the better for her ; an she be
not she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus ! How now, Pandarus ?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel ; ill-
thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you : gone be-
tween and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus ? what, with
me ?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not
so fair as Helen : an she were not kin to me, she would
be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what
care I ? I care not an she were a black-a-moor ; 't is
all one to me.

Tro. Say I she is not fair ?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a
fool to stay behind her father ; let her to the Greeks ;
and so I'll tell her the next time I see her : for my
part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me ; I will leave
all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit PANDARUS.* *An alarm.*]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours ! peace, rude
sounds !

* Johnson explains *spirit of sense* as the most exquisite sensi-
bility of touch.

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
 When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
 I cannot fight upon this argument;
 It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
 But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
 I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
 And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
 As she is stubborn, chaste, against all suit.
 Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
 What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
 Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
 Between our Ilium and where she resides,
 Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
 Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there: This woman's answer sorts,
 For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 't is but a scar to scorn;
 Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if "would I might" were
 "may."

But to the sport abroad:—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd :
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer ;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he ; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this : There is among the
Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector ;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good ; and what of him ?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men ; unless they are drunk, sick,
or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of
their particular additions ; he is as valiant as the lion,
churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant : a man into
whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour
is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion :
there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse
of ; nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain
of it : he is melancholy without cause, and merry against
the hair : He hath the joints of everything ; but every-
thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many
hands and no use ; or purblinded Argus, all eyes and
no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me
smile, make Hector angry ?

Alex. They say he yesterday coped Hector in the

battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for I am sure he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'T is just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were.

Cres. So he is.

Pan. 'Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he 's not himself.—'Would 'u were himself! Well, the gods are above. Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other 's not come to 't; you shall tell me another tale when the other 's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'T would not become him, his own 's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 't is, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she 's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compassed window,^a—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?^b

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she camé, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 't is dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 't were a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then.—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you 'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin!—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

^a *Compassed window*—a bow-window.

^b *Lifter*—thief. We still say a *shoplifter*.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.*

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes:—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An 't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, "Here 's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white."

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That 's true; make no question of that. "Two and fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons"—"Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris my husband?"—"The forked one," quoth he, "pluck it out, and give it him." But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.*

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on 't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I 'll be sworn 't is true; he will weep you, an 't were a man born in April.

* *Passed*—was excessive. The retort of Cressida accepts the word in its common signification.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an't were a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*]

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas: Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you. But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgment in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that: there's a fellow;—Go thy way, Hector!—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance! Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is't not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder,

do you see? look you there! there's no jesting: there's laying on; take 't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS passes over.

Pan. Swords? anything, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it 's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece. Is 't not a gallant man too, is 't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who 's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That 's Helenus,—I marvel where Troilus is:—That 's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:—That 's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he 'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that 's Deiphobus: 'T is Troilus! there 's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry.

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's: And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or

a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give money to boot.

Forces pass over the stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not hirth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date 's out.

Pan. You are such another woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that 's one of the chiefest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it 's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come : *[Exit Boy.]*

I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.

[Exit PANDARUS.]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,

He offers in another's enterprise :

But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be ;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing :

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing ;

That she belov'd knows nought that knows not this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is :

That she was never yet that ever knew

Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue :

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—

Achievement is command ; ungain'd, beseech :

Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,

Nothing of that shall from my eyes appear. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.*

Senet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others.

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks ?

The ample proposition that hope makes

In all designs begun on earth below,

Fails in the promis'd largeness : checks and disasters

Grow in the reins of actions highest rear'd ;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand :
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works ;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persisitive constancy in men ?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love : for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin :
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men : the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk !
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse : Where 's then the saucy boat,

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize^a
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why, then, the thing of
courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[To AGAMEMNON.
And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—
[To NESTOR.

I give to both your speeches,—which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree
On which the heavens ride, knit all Greeks' ears
To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please both,—
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be 't of less
expect
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,

^a *Brize*—the gad-fly.

When rank Thersites opens his mastick^a jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected :
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected ? Degree being viaried,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order :
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other ; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad : But when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents ! what mutiny !
What raging of the sea ! shaking of earth !
Commotion in the winds ! frights, changes, horrors,

^a *Mastick*. We retain the word of the original. *Masticks* is there printed with a capital initial, as marking something emphatic. In all modern editions the word is rendered *mastive*. We are inclined to think that *mastick* is not a typographical mistake. Every one has heard of Prynne's celebrated book, '*Histrio-Mantis: The Player's Scourge*;' but it is not so generally known that this title was borrowed by the great controversialist from a play first printed in 1610, but supposed to be written earlier, which is a satire upon actors and dramatic writers from first to last. It appears to us by no means improbable that an epithet should be applied to the "rank Thersites" which should pretty clearly point at one who had done enough to make himself obnoxious to the poet's fraternity.

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make, perforce, an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglect of degree is it,
That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 't is this fever that keeps Troy on foot,

Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulys. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'T is like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—"Excellent!"—"T is Agamemnon just—
Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'dress'd to some oration."
That 's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels,—as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god Achilles still cries, "Excellent;
'T is Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm."
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age

Must be the scene of mirth ; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy, fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet ;—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies ; cries, “ O !—enough, Patroclus ;
Or give me ribs of steel ! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen.” And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd ; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles ; keeps his tent like him ;
Makes factious feasts ; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle ; and sets Thersites
(A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
To match us in comparisons with dirt ;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice ;
Count wisdom as no member of the war ;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand : the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on ; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity :
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war :
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine ;
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horses
Makes many Thetis' sons. [Tucket sounds.]

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne. Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phoebus:

Which is that god in our aiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; but the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as Deborah, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's
accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,

That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself *Æneas*?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What 's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 't is for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him :
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour;
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[Trumpet sounds]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown; he bids us take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak: Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than here—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,

Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord *Æneas*;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I'll be he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian mould
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandaure, and as chaste
As may be in the world; his youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you first.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

Ulyss. Nestor!

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is 't?

Ulyss. This 't is:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'T is dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest.

Yes,

It is most meet; Whom may you else suppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, *Ulysses*,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,

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Q

He that meets Hector issues from our choice :
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election ; and doth boil,
As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues ; who, miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves ?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech ;—
Therefore 't is meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us like merchants show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they 'll sell ; if not,
The lustre of the better yet to show
Shall show the better. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet ;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes ; what are
they ?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should wear with him :
But he already is too insolent ;
And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair : If he were soil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector : Among ourselves
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause ; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bands.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We 'll dress him up in voices ; If he fail,

Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon : go we to him straight.
Two cures shall tame each other : Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 't were their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Grecian Camp.**Enter AJAX and THERSITES.**Ajax.* Thersites,—*Ther.* Agamemnon—how if he had boils ? ^{full} all over, generally ?*Ajax.* Thersites,—*Ther.* And those boils did run ?—Say so,—did not the general run ? were not that a botchy core ?*Ajax.* Dog,—*Ther.* Then would come some matter from him ; I see none now.*Ajax.* Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear ?
Feel then. [Strikes him.]*Ther.* The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord !*Ajax.* Speak then, thou vinew'dest* leaven, speak : I will beat thee into handsomeness.*Ther.* I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness : but I think thy horse will sooner can an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou ? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks !*Ajax.* Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.*Ther.* Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus ?*Ajax.* The proclamation—*Ther.* Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.*Ajax.* Do not, porcupine, do not ; my fingers itch.

* *Vinew'dest*—vinewed—vinny—signifies decayed, mouldy ; the word in the text is the superlative of *vinewed*. In the preface to our translation of the Bible we have "*fenewed* traditions."

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee: I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incurious, thou strik^{est} as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—

Ther. Thou grumblest and rail^{est} every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would punⁿ thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [Beating him.

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego^b may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [Beating him.

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you this? How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

^a Pun—pound.

^b Assinego—an ass.

Achil. So I do; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for
whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit be uttered!
his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his
brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine
sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth
the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—
who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,
—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES
interposes.*]

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for
whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the
fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of
the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 't was not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. E'en so;—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth. To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'T is no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*]

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

That Hector, by the fifth^a hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 't is trash: Farewell.

^a *Fifth.* So the folio; the quarto has *first*. The knights of chivalry did not encounter at the *first* hour of the sun; by the *fifth* of a summer's morning the lists would be set, and the ladies in their seats. The usages of chivalry are those of this play.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

*Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and
HELENUS.*

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
"Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travel, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off:"—Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—"Who knows what follows?"
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dimes,^a
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king

^a Dimes—tenths.

So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hec. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their
thoughts

With this cramm'd reason; reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What's aught but as 't is valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 't is precious of itself
As in the prizer; 't is mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes that is inclinable
To what infectionally itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election

Is led on in the conduct of my will ;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment : How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose ? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour :
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have spoil'd them : nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective same,^a
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks :
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails ;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service : he touch'd the ports desir'd ;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and fresh-
ness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her ? the Grecians keep our aunt :
Is she worth keeping ? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you 'll avouch 't was wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cried—"Go, go,")
If you 'll confess he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cried—"Inestimable !") why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate ;
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land ? O theft most base ;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep !
But thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,

^a Same is used as a noun in the sense of a heap, or mass, collected in one place, in strict accordance with its Saxon derivation.

That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place !

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry !

Pri. What noise ? what shriek is this ?

Tro. 'T is our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans !

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry ! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hec. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid age, and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours ! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry ! practise your eyes with tears !

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand ;

Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry ! a Helen, and a woe :

Cry, cry ! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*]

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse ? or is your blood

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualify the same ?

Tro.

Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act

Such and no other than event doth form it ;

Nor once deject the courage of our minds

Because Cassandra's mad ; her brain-sick raptures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel

Which hath our several honours all engag'd

To make it gracious. For my private part,

I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons :

And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels :
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

[*Pri.* Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights :
You have the honey still, but these the gall ;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion ! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms ?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended ; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject : then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Heet. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well ;

And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glaz'd,—but superficially ; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy :
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
Twixt right and wrong ; for pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners : Now
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband ? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd : Thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth : yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still ;
For 't is a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design :
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown ;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds ;

Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us :
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits :
I was advertis'd their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept ;
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites ? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury ? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus ? he beats me, and I rail at him : O worthy satisfaction ! would it were otherwise ; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me : 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods ; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus* ; if ye take not that little less-than-little wit from them that they have ! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy iron, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp ! or rather, the bone-ache ! for that, me-

thinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who 's there? Thersites? good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter: Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I 'll be sworn and sworn upon 't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where 's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in a prayer?

Ther. Ay: the heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who 's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals?—Come; what 's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles:—Then tell me, Patroclus, what 's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what 's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I 'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon

commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold and a whore: A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [*Exit.*

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-disposed, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.—

He shent^a our messengers, and we lay by

Our appertainments, visiting of him:

Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think

We dare not move the question of our place,

Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent;
He is not sick.

^a *Shent*—rebuked.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart : you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man ; but, by my head, it is pride : But why, why ? let him show us the cause.—A word, my lord. [*Takes AGAM. aside.*]

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him ?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who ? Thersites ?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No ; you see, he is his argument that has his argument,—Achilles.

Nest. All the better ; their faction is more our wish than their faction : But it was a strong counsel a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy : His legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry
If anything more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,
To call upon him ; he hopes it is no other,
But, for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus ;—
We are too well acquainted with these answers :
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath ; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him : yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously of his own part beheld,
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss ;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,

Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him
We come to speak with him : And you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,
And under-honest ; in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment ; and worthier than him-
self

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on ;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance ; yea, watch
His pettish lines, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this ; and add,
That, if he overhold his price so much,
We 'll none of him ; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war :
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant :—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall ; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*]

Agam. In second voice we 'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.

[*Exit Ulysses.*]

Ajax. What is he more than another ?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much ? Do you not think he thinks
himself a better man than I am ?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is ?

Agam. No, noble Ajax ; you are as strong, as va-
liant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and
altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud ? How doth^o
pride grow ? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind 's the clearer, Ajax, and your
virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself ;
pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chro-

nicle; and whatever praises itself but in the dead, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: Is 't not strange? [*Aside.*]

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What 's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why, will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters 'gainst itself. What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry—"No recovery."

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'T is said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We 'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,
That hastes his arrogance with his own sear,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminates himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles;
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder—"Achilles go to him."

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*]

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*Aside.*]

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll pash him
Over the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An a be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. How he describes himself! [*Aside.*]

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Agam. He will be the physician, that should be the
patient. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind!

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. A should not bear it so, a should eat swords
first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 't would, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*]

Ulyss. He would have ten shares. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple.

Nest. He's not yet through warin: force him with
praises: Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*]

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

[*To AGAM.*]

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 't is this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—But 't is before his face ;

I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so ?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us ! Would he were a Trojan !

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—

Ulyss. If he were proud—

Dio. Or covetous of praise—

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne—

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected !

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure ;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck :

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition :

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half : and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts : Here 's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise ;—

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

• But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father ?

Ulyss. Ay, my good son.*

* In Shakspeare's time it was the highest compliment to call a man whose wit or learning was revered, *father*. Ben Jonson had thus his sons.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our general

To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,

We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here 's a lord,—come knights from east to west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep;

Light boats may sail swift, though greater bulks draw
deep. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean.

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace. [*Music within.*]

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen; go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that 's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words: no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit 's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I 'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I 'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer 's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she 'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll bear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

Fur, oh, love's bow

Shoots back and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's afield to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something; you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen.

[*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'T will make us proud to be his servant,

Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Troy. Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Servant.*

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,

Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
 Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
 And give me swift transporance to those fields
 Where I may wallow in the lily beds
 Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
 From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
 And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Tro. I am giddy: expectation whirls me round.
 The imaginary relish is so sweet
 That it enchants my sense. What will it be,
 When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed
 Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
 Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
 Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness,
 For the capacity of my ruder powers:
 I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
 That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
 As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
 The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight:
 you must be witty now. She does so blush, and
 fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a
 sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she
 fetches her breath so short as a new-tu'en sparrow.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
 My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
 And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
 Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
 The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's
 a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her

that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.*—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight! an't were dark you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's—"In witness whereof the parties interchangeably"—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [Exit PAN.]

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus!

Cres. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—

O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg spies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking

* Fills—fills, shafts.

it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My soul of counsel from me: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me:
'T was not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow
morning,—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun

Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you:
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,

To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone :—I speak I know not what.

Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love :

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts : But you are wise ;
Or else you love not : For to be wise, and love, ^a
Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love ;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays !
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnowed purity in love ;
How were I then uplifted ! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I 'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right !
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus : when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cit~~ed~~
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said, as false
As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand: here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, and Pandar to provide this geer!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR,
AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud

To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things to love,*
I have abandon'd Truſy, left my poſſeſſion,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myſelf,
From certain and poſſeſſ'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; ſequest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtom, and condition,
Made tame and moſt familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you ſervice, am become
As new into the world, ſtrange, unacquainted:
I do beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of thoſe many register'd in promiſe,
Which you ſay live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldſt thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan priſoner, call'd Antenor,
Yeſterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Deſir'd my Creſſid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath ſtill denied: But this Antenor,
I know, is ſuch a wreſt in their affairs,
That their negotiations all muſt ſlack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almoſt
Give us a prince of blood, a ſon of Priam,
In change of him: let him be ſent, great princes,
And he ſhall buy my daughter; and her preſence
Shall quite ſtrike off all ſervice I have done,
In moſt accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Creſſid hither; Calchas ſhall have
What he requeſts of us.—Good Diomed,
Furniſh you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word, if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

* The meaning appears to us ſufficiently clear—through my preſcience in knowing what things I ſhould love.

Dio. This shall I undertake ; and 't is a burthen
Which I am proud to bear. *[Exeunt DIO. and CAL.]*

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent :—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot ; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him :
I will come last : 'T is like, he 'll question me,
Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turn'd on
him :

If so, I have derision medicinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink ;
It may do good : pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride ; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We 'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along ;—
So do each lord ; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me ?
You know my mind, I 'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles ? would he aught with us ?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general ?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better. *[Exeunt AGAM. and NEST.]*

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you ? how do you ? *[Exit MEN.]*

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me ?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus ?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha ?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

[Exit AJAX.]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'T is certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd if
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 't is not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks: who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, that man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes : nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
Not going from itself ; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
Where it may see itself : this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar ; but at the author's drift :
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves,
That no man is the lord of anything,
(Though in and of him there is much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others :
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended ; which, like an arch, reverberates

The voice again ; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this ;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there ! a very horse ;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use !
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do !
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes !
How one man eats into another's pride,

While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
 To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
 As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
 And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me
 As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
 Good word nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
 Those scraps are good deeds past: which are devour'd
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue: If you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost;—
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do in pre-
 sent,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
 And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was!

For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,

Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil.

Of this my privacy

I have strong reasons.

Ulyss.

But 'gainst your privacy

The reasons are more potent and heroical:

'T is known, Achilles, that you are in love

With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil.

Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;

And better would it sit Achilles much,
 To throw down Hector, than Polyxena :
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trump ;
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
 " Great Hector's sister did Achilles win ;
 But our great Ajax bravely beat down him."
 Farewell, my lord : I as your lover speak ;
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [Exit.]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you :
 A woman impudent and mannish grown
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
 In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this ;
 They think, my little stomach to the war,
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus :
 Sweet, rouse yourself ; and the weak wanton Cupid
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to airy air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector ?

Patr. Ay ; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake ;
 My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware ;
 Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves :
 Omission to do what is necessary
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus :
 I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
 To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
 To see us here unarm'd : I have a woman's longing,
 An appetite that I am sick withal,
 To see great Hector in his weeds of peace :
 To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
 Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd !

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder !

Achil. What ?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so ?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector ; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgeling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be ?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand : ruminates, like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning : bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say, there were wit in this head, and 't would out : and so there is ; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man 's undone for ever ; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he 'll break it himself in vainglory. He knows not me : I said, " Good-morrow, Ajax ; " and he replies, " Thanks, Agamemnon." What think you of this man, that takes me for the general ? He is grown a very land fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion ! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I ? why, he 'll answer nobody ; he professes not answering ; speaking is for beggars : he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence ; let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus : Tell him, I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent ; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and

most illustrious, six-or-seven-times honoured captain-general of the Grecian army. Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none: unless the fiddler Apollo gets his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd; And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Street.*

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a torch ; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who 's that there?

Dei. 'T is the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That 's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord

Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, in a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:^a
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But, when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I 'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,

^a The sentence scarcely requires explanation: Æneas wishes Diomedes health, whilst there is no question, argument, between them but what arises out of the truce.

Welcome, indeed ! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize :—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun !
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound ; and that to-morrow !

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do ; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despitefull^a gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early ?

Æne. I was sent for to the king ; but why, I know
not.

Par. His purpose meets you : 'T was to bring this
Greek

To Calchas' house ; and there to render him,
For the enfrèed Antenor, the fair Cressid :
Let 's have your company ; or, if you please,
Haste there before us : I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night ;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof ; I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you ;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help ;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord ; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [Exit.

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed ; faith, tell me
true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—

^a This is the common construction of the age of Shakspeare.

Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen most,
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:

He merits well to have her that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors;
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more;
But he as he; which heavier for a whore?

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She 's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris.—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain; since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do;
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Court before the House of
PANDARUS.*

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle
down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Tro. Prithee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she
stays,
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Prithee, tarry;—you men will never tarry.—
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one
up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life,—

Pan. How now? how now? how go maidenheads?
Here, you maid, where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking
uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:
what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart: you'll
ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha ! Alas, poor wretch ! a poor capocchia !^a hast not slept to-night ? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep ? a bugbear take him ! [*Knocking.*]

Cres. Did not I tell you ?—'would he were knock'd o' the head !—

Who 's that at door ? good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber :

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha !

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.— [*Knocking.*]

How earnestly they knock ! pray you, come in ;

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*]

Pan. [*Going to the door.*] Who 's there ? what 's the matter ? will you beat down the door ? How now ? what 's the matter ?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good-morrow, lord, good-morrow.

Pan. Who 's there ? my lord Æneas ? By my troth, I knew you not : what news with you so early ?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here ?

Pan. Here ! what should he do here ?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him ; It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you ? 't is more than I know, I 'll be sworn :—For my own part, I came in late : What should he do here ?

Æne. Who !—nay, then :—Come, come, you 'll do him wrong ere y' are 'ware : You 'll be so true to him, to be false to him : Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither ; go.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now ? what 's the matter ?

^a *Capocchia.* Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, explains *capocchia* as "a shallow skonee, a loggerhead."

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash : There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy :
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them : and, my lord *Æneas*,
We met by chance ; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord ; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS and *ÆNEAS*.]

Pan. Is 't possible ? no sooner got but lost ? The
devil take Antenor ! the young prince will go mad. A
plague upon Antenor ! I would they had broke 's
neck.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now ? what 's the matter ? Who was
here ?

Pan. Ah, ah !

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly ? where 's my
lord gone ?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what 's the matter ?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am
alove !

Cres. O the gods !—what 's the matter ?

Pan. Prithce, get thee in. 'Would thou naster ne er
been born ! I knew thou wouldst be his death :—O poor
gentleman !—A plague upon Antenor !

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees,
I beseech you what 's the matter ?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 't will be his death; 't will be his bane: he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father; I know no touch of consanguinity; No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine! Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremity you can; But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very centre of the earth, Drawing all things to it.—I will go in, and weep;—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks; Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before Pandarus' House.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd Of her delivery to this valiant Greek Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus, Tell you the lady what she is to do, And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house; I'll bring her to the Grecian presently: And to his hand when I deliver her, Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus A priest, there offering to it his own heart.

[*Exit.*]

Par. I know what 't is to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you walk in, my lords.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.*

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And no less in a sense as strong as that
Which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying cross:
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes, 'a sweet duck!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus!

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: *O heart*,—as the goodly saying is,—

O heart, heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lams?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 't is too plain a case

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is 't possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robbler's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasting with the salt of broken tears.

Ens. [Within.] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius

so

Cries, "Come!" to him that instantly must die.—

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or
my heart will be blown up by the root. . [Exit PAN.]

Cres. I must, then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,—

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deed is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,

For it is parting from us :
I speak not, "be thou true," as fearing thee ;
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there 's no maculation in thy heart :
But "be thou true," say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation ; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent ! but, I 'll be true.

Tro. And I 'll grow friend with danger. Wear this
sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you ?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens !—be true, again ?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love ;
The Grecian youths are full of quality ;
Their loving well compos'd with gift of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise ;
How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)
Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens ! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then !

In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit : I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games ; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant :
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly : but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will ?

Tro. No.

But something may be done that we will not :

And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æna. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiss, and let us part.

Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;

And bring *Æneas* and the Grecian with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault;
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there 's all the reach of it.

*Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and
DIOMEDES.*

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the seal of my petition to thee,
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.

I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust: And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
She shall be pris'd; but that you say—be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMED.
[Trumpet heard.]

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'T is Troilus' fault; Come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time. With starting courage,
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air

May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias cheek
Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'T is but early days.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'T is he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet
lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'T were better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I 'll have my kiss, sir :—Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I 'll make my match to live,

The kiss you take is better than you give ;

Therefore no kiss.

Men. I 'll give you boot, I 'll give you three for one.

Cres. You 're an odd man ; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady ? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not ; for you know 't is true

That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I 'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you ?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 't is due.

Ulyss. Never 's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word ;—I 'll bring you to your father.

[*DIOMEDES leads out CRESSIDA.*]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her !

There 's a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,

Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirits look out

At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,

That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every tickling reader ! set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity,

And daughters of the game.

[*Trumpet within.*]

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Ænc. Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done

To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Ænc. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal disprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Ænc. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Ænc. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know
this;—

In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,

Or else a breath : the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[*Ajax and Hector enter the lists.*

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy ?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam ; a true knight ;
Not yet mature, yet matchless : firm of word ;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue ;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd :
His heart and hand both open, and both free ;
For what he has he gives ; what thinks he shows ;
Yet gives he not till judgment guides his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath :
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous ;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects ; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love :
They call him Troilus ; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says *Aeneas* ; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own !

Tro.

Hector, thou sleep'st ;

Awake thee !

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd :—there, Ajax !

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*

Ene. Princes, enough, as please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect.

Why then, will I no more :—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed ;

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain :
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so
That thou couldst say—" This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan ; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy ; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's ;" by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud : But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd : Let me embrace thee, Ajax :
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus :
Cousin, all honour to thee !

Ajax.

I thank thee, Hector :

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable

(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
Cries, " This is he,") could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect.

We 'll answer it ;

The issue is embracement :—*Ajax*, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As seld' I have the chance,) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'T is Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. *Æne*s, call my brother Troilus to me :
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part ;

Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajar. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that 's no welcome: Understand more clear
What 's past, and what 's to come, is strew'd with links
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

[To TROILUS.]

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greet-
ing;—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,
thanks!

Mock not, that I affect the untraded * oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She 's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she 's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen
thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,

* *Untraded*—unused, uncommon.

And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said unto my standers-by,
"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'T is the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I 'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time.

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands;
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well;
Ah, sir, there 's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilium, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect.

I must not believe you:

There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,
 The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
 A drop of Grecian blood : The end crowns all ;
 And that old common arbitrator, time,
 Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.

Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome :
 After the general, I beseech you next
 To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou !
 Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee :
 I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
 And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles ?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief ; I will the second time,
 As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou 'lt read me o'er ;
 But there 's more in me than thou understand'st.
 Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eyes ?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his
 body

Shall I destroy him ? whether there, or there, or there ?
 That I may give the local wound a name ;
 And make distinct the very breach whereout
 Hector's great spirit flew : Answer me, heavens !

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud
 man,

To answer such a question : Stand again :
 Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
 As to prenominate in nice conjecture
 Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the oracle to tell me so,

I 'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I 'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I 'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I 'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajar. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to 't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting^a wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive you: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TROIUS and ULYSSES.*]

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night.
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

^a *Pelting*—petty.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to thee so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir,
As gentle tell me of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due Will you walk on, my lord?
She was lov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [Ex.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and
idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need these
tricks?

Ther. Prithee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk:
thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten
diseases of the south, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs,
loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw
eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of
imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable
bone-ach, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take
and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sley'd silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle,
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks: fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay:
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.

Away, Patroclus. [*Exit ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.*]

Ther. With too much blood and too little brain,
these two may run mad; but if with too much brain
and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen.
Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and
one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as
ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter
there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue and
oblique memorial of cuckold's; a thrifty shoeing-horn
in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form,
but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and
malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass were
nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing;
he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a
fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring

without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus, I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMEDES, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 't is;
There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulys. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink,
sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to
those

That go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.]

Achil. Old Nestor tarrys; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulys. Follow his torch, he goes
To Calchas' tent; I 'll keep you company.

[*Aside to* TROILUS.]

Tro. Sweet air, you honour me.

Hect.

And so good night.

[*Exit* DIOMEDES; *ULYSSES* and *TROILUS* following.]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exit* *ACHILLES*, *HECTOR*, *AJAX*, and *NESTOR*.]

Ther. That same Diomed 's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: He will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it that it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I 'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

[*Exit*.]

SCENE II.—*The same. Before* CALCHAS' Tent.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where 's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio.

How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you.

[*Whisper.*]

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what:

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are a fore-sworn—

Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms; this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off:

You flow to great destruction; come, my lord.

Tro. I pray thee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and hell torments,
I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Ores. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Ores. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

Ores. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you
go?

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and
potato finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Ores. In faith, I will, la: never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Ores. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.]

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Ores. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Tro. O beauty! where 's thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord,—

Tro. I will be patient ; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve : Behold it well.—
He lov'd me—O false wench !—Give 't me again.

Dio. Whose was 't ?

Cres. No matter, now I have 't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night :

I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens :—Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this ?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods !—O pretty pretty pledge !

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee, and me ; and sighs, and takes my glove,

And giveth memorial dainty kisses to it,

As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me ;

He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed ; 'faith, you
shall not ;

I 'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this : whose was it ?

Cres. 'T is no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'T was one's that loved me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it ?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women, yond,

And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm ;

And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wert 't it on thy horn,

It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 't is done, 't is past :—And yet it
is not ;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you
pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!
Do come:—I shall be plagued.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night. I prithee, come.—

[*Exit DIOMEDES.*]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind:

What error leads must err; O then conclude,

Minds away'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

[*Exit CRESSIDA.*]

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she say, my mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All 's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,

As if those organs had deceptive functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,
For depravation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on 's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against thyself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek: As much as I do Cressida love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear in his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord,
adieu:—

Farewell, revolted fair!—and Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*]

Ther. 'Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I
would croak like a raven; I would hiss, I would hiss.
Patroclus will give me anything for the intelligence of

this whore : the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery ; still, wars and lechery ; nothing else holds fashion : A burning devil take them ! *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment ?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you ; get you gone :
By the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the
day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector ?

And. Here, sister ; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees ; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho ! bid my trumpet sound !

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Begone, I say : the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows ;
They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O ! be persuaded : Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just : it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to count violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow :

But vows to every purpose must not hold :
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say ;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate :
Life every man holds dear ; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man ? mean'st thou to fight to-day ?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit CASSANDRA.*]

Hect. No, faith, young Troilus ; doff thy harness,
youth,

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry :
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go ; and doubt thou not, brave hoy,
I'll stand to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus ? chide me
for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.

Hect. O, 't is fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector !

Hect. How now ? how now ?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers ;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords ;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie !

Tro. Hector, then 't is war.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me ?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire ;
Not Priamus, and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears ;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast :
He is thy crutch ; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back :
Thy wife hath dream'd ; thy mother hath had visions,
Cassandra doth foresee ; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous :
Therefore, come back.

Hect. *Aeneas* is a-field ;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful ; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect ; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you :
Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [*Exit ANDRO.*]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.
Look, how thou diest ! look, how thy eye turns pale !

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
 Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
 How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth!
 Behold destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
 Like witless entities, one another meet,
 And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away!—Away!

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft.—Hector, I take my leave:
 Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [Exit.

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim—
 Go in, and cheer the town; we'll forth and fight;
 Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about
 thee!

[Exeunt severally *PRI.* and *HECT.* *Alarums.*

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
 I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick
 so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and
 what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you
 one o' these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes
 too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man
 were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What
 says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the
 heart; [Tearing the letter.

The effect doth operate another way.—

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds;

But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why ! but hear you.

Tro. Hence, broker lackey ! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE IV.—*Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

Alarums : Excursions. Enter THESSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another ;
I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet,
Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young
knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm ; I would fain
see them meet ; that that same young Trojan ass, that
loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-
masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dis-
sembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O'
the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals,
—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and
that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a
blackberry :—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel
cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles ;
and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles,
and will not arm to-day ; whereupon the Grecians
begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an
ill opinion. Soft ! here come sleeve, and t' other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not ; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire :
I do not fly ; but advantageous came
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude :
Have at thee !

Ther. Held thy whore, Grecian !—now for thy whore,
Trojan !—now the sleeve, now the sleeve !

[Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek, art thou for Hector's match?

Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The same.*

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse! Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid: Fellow, commend my service to her beauty; Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan, And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon Hath Doreus prisoner; And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam, Upon the pashed corsees of the kings Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain; Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt; Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed, To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls*
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite
That what he will he does; and does so much
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handleless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to
him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he's arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

* *Sculls*—shells of fish. We have the word in Milton ('Paradise Lost,' book vii.)—

"Fish, that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green ways, in *sculls* that oft
Bank the mid sea."

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus! [Exit.

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.

Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office

Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prise. I will not look upon.

Tro. Come both you coggng Greeks; have at you both.

[Exit fighting.]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee:—Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.

Be happy that my arms are out of use:

My rest and negligence befriend thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

Till when, go seek thy fortune.

[*Exit.*]

Hect. Fare thee well:—

I would have been much more a fresher man

Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: Shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,

He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,

Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!

I reck not though I end my life to-day.

[*Exit.*]

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—

No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well

I'll crush^a it, and unlock the rivets all,

But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same.*

Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;

Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:

^a *Crush*—break to pieces.

Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
 And when I have the bloody Hector found,
 Empale him with your weapons round about;
 In fellest manner execute your arms.
 Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
 It is decreed Hector the great must die. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.—*The same.*

*Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting: then THYR-
 SITES.*

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-benned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—ware horns, ho! [*Ex. PAR. and MEN.*]

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in everything illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
 Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
 Now is my day's work done: I'll take good breath:
 Rest, sword: thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield
 behind him.*]

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels :
Even with the vail and darking of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd ; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike ; this is the man I seek.
[*HECTOR falls.*]

So, Ilion, fall thou ; now, Troy, sink down ;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons ; and cry you all amain,
" Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain."

[*A retreat sounded.*]

Hark ! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like,* the armies separate.
My half-suppl'd sword that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[*Sheaths his sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail ;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*The same.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and others, marching. *Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark ! hark ! what shout is that ?

Nest.

Peace, drums.

[*Within.*]

Achilles !

Achilles ! Hector 's slain ! Achilles !

Dio. The bruit is Hector 's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be ;

Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along :—Let one be sent

* *Stickler-like.* A stickler was an arbitrator, or sidesman ; one who presided over the combats of quarter-staff and wrestling.

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
 If in his death the gods have us befriended,
 Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[Recount, marching.]

SCENE XL—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter HENRIS and Trojans.

Ens. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
 Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—The gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
 In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
 Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
 Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
 -I say, at once, let your brief plagues be mercy,
 And linger not our sure destructions on!

Ens. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not that tell me so:

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
 But dare all imminence that gods and men
 Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
 Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
 Let him that will a screech-owl's eye be call'd
 Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:
 There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
 Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
 Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away!
 Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
 Stay yet:—You vile abominable tents,
 Thus proudly pitched upon our Phrygian plains,
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
 I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-sis'd
 coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt ÆNEAS and Trojans.*]

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

[*Exit TROILUS.*]

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine aching bones!—
O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent de-
spisèd! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you
set a' work, and how ill requited! Why should our
endeavour be so desired, and the performance so loathed?
what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-lee doth sing,

Till he hath lost his honey and his sting:

And being once subdued in armed tail,

Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:

Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,

Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.

Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,

Some two months hence my will shall here be made:

It should be now, but that my fear is this,—

Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:

Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for cases;

And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit.*]



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE first edition of 'Pericles' appeared in 1609, under the following title:—"The late and much admired play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true relation of the whole historie, adventures, and fortunes of the said prince: As also the no lesse strange and worthy accidents, in the birth and life of his daughter Mariana. As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted [by] his Maiesties Seruants at the Globe on the Bank-side. By William Shakespeares. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the sign of the Sunne in Paternoster-row, &c. 1609." Other quarto editions appeared in 1611, in 1619, in 1630, and in 1636. The variations in these from the text of 1609 are very slight. In 1664 'Pericles' first appeared in the folio collection of *Shakspeare's works*, being introduced into the third edition, whose title-page states—"Unto this impression is added seven plays never before printed in folio."

We advocate the belief that 'Pyrrhus,' or 'Pericles,' was a very early work of Shakspeare, in some form, however different from that which we possess. That it was an early work we are constrained to believe; not from the evidence of particular passages, which may be deficient in power or devoid of refinement, but from the entire construction of the dramatic action. The

play is essentially one of movement, which is a great requisite for dramatic success; but that movement is not held in subjection to an unity of idea. But with this essential disadvantage we cannot doubt that, even with very imperfect dialogue, the action presented a succession of scenes of very absorbing interest. The introduction of Gower, however inartificial it may seem, was the result of very profound skill. The presence of Gower supplied the unity of idea which the desultory nature of the story wanted. Nevertheless, such a story we believe could not have been chosen by Shakspeare in the seventeenth century, when his art was fully developed in all its wondrous powers and combinations. With his perfect mastery of the faculty of representing, instead of recording, the treatment of a story which would have required perpetual explanation and connection would have been painful to him, if not impossible.

Dr. Drake has bestowed very considerable attention upon the endeavour to prove that 'Pericles' ought to be received as the indisputable work of Shakspeare. Yet his arguments, after all, amount only to the establishment of the following theory: "No play, in fact, more openly discloses the hand of Shakspeare than 'Pericles,' and fortunately his share in its composition appears to have been very considerable; he may be distinctly, though not frequently, traced, in the first and second acts; after which, *feeling the incompetency of his fellow-labourer*, he seems to have assumed almost the entire management of the remainder, nearly the whole of the third, fourth, and fifth acts bearing indisputable

testimony to the genius and execution of the great master."* We have no faith whatever in this very easy mode of disposing of the authorship of a doubtful play—of leaving entirely out of view the most important part of every drama, its action, its characterisation, looking at the whole merely as a collection of passages, of which the worst are to be assigned to some *dame damnée*, and the best triumphantly claimed for Shakspeare. There are some, however, who judge of such matters upon broader principles. Mr. Hallam says, "Pericles is generally reckoned to be in part, and only in part, the work of Shakspeare. From the poverty and bad management of the fable, the want of any effective or distinguishable character, for Marina is no more than the common form of female virtue, such as all the dramatists of that age could draw, and a general feebleness of the tragedy as a whole, I should not believe the structure to have been Shakspeare's. But many passages are far more in his manner than in that of any contemporary writer with whom I am acquainted."† Here "the poverty and bad management of the fable"—"the want of any effective or distinguishable character," are assigned for the belief that the structure could not have been Shakspeare's. But let us accept Dryden's opinion that

"Shakspeare's own muse his Pericles first bore,"

with reference to the original structure of the play, and the difficulty vanishes. It was impossible that the character of the early drama should not have been im-

* 'Shakspeare and his Times,' vol. ii. p. 268.

† 'History of Literature,' vol. iii. p. 269.

pressed upon Shakspeare's earliest efforts. Do we therefore think that the drama, as it has come down to us, is presented in the form in which it was first written? By no means. We agree with Mr. Hallam that in parts the language seems rather that of Shakspeare's "second or third manner than of his first." But this belief is not inconsistent with the opinion that the original structure was Shakspeare's. No other poet that existed at the beginning of the seventeenth century—perhaps no poet that came after that period, whether Massinger, or Fletcher, or Webster—could have written the greater part of the fifth act. Coarse as the comic scenes are, there are touches in them unlike any other writer but Shakspeare. We are willing to believe that, even in the very height of his fame, Shakspeare would have bestowed any amount of labour for the improvement of an early production of his own, if the taste of his audiences had from time to time demanded its continuance upon the stage. It is for this reason that we think that the 'Pe-rioles' which appears to have been in some respects a new play at the beginning of the seventeenth century was the revival of a play written by Shakspeare some twenty years earlier.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 2;
sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.*

HELICANUS, a lord of Tyre.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1;
sc. 2; sc. 3.*

ESCANES, a lord of Tyre.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 4.

SIMONIDES, King of Pentapolis.

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 2; sc. 5.

CLEON, Governor of Tharsus.

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 4.

LYSIMACHUS, Governor of Mitylene.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus.

Appears, Act III. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 3.

THALIARD, servant to Antiochus.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 3.

LEONINE, servant to Dionyza.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.

Marshal.

Appears, Act II. sc. 3.

A Pandar and his Wife.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 3.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

BOULT, *servant to the Pandar.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 6.

GOWER, *as Chorus.*

Appears, Act I. Chorus. Act II. Chorus. Act III. Chorus.
Act IV. Chorus, sc. 4. Act V. Chorus, sc. 2; sc. 3.

The Daughter of Antiochus.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

DIONYZA, *wife to Cleon.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4.

THAISA, *daughter to Simonides.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 4.
Act V. sc. 3.

MARINA, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 6. Act V.
sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.

LYCHORIDA, *nurse to Marina.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3.

DIANA.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

*Lords, Knights, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and
Messengers.*

SCENE,—DISPERSEDLY IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

PERICLES.

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song of old was sung,
 From ashes ancient Gower is come ;
 Assuming man's infirmities,
 To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
 It hath been sung, at festivals,
 On ember-eves, and holy-ales ;
 And lords and ladies, in^a their lives
 Have read it for restoratives.
 The purpose is to make men glorious ;
Et bonum, quo antiquius, eo melius.
 If you, born in these latter times,
 When wit 's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
 And that to hear an old man sing,
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,
 I life would wish, and that I might
 Waste it for you, like taper-light.
 This Antioch then, Antiochus the Great
 Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat ;
 The fairest in all Syria ;
 (I tell you what mine authors say :)
 This king unto him took a phœre,^b
 Who died and left a female heir,

^a *In their liks*—during their lives.

^b *Phœre*, or *ferre*, is a mate.

So buxom, blythe, and full of face,
 As Heaven had lent her all his grace :
 With whom the father liking took,
 And her to incest did provoke ;
 Bad child, worse father ! to entice his own
 To evil, should be done by none.
 By custom, what they did begin
 Was with long use account'd no sin.
 The beauty of this sinful dame
 Made many princes thither frame,
 To seek her as a bedfellow,
 In marriage-pleasures playfellow :
 Which to prevent, he made a law,
 (To keep her still, and men in awe,)
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life :
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify.
 What ensues, to the judgment of your eye
 I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.]

SCENE I.—*The Palace of Antioch,*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
 Think death no hazard, in this enterprise. [Music]

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
 For the embracements, even of Jove himself ;
 At whose conception (till Laisa reign'd)
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence ;
 The senate-house of planets all did sit,
 To knit in her their best perfections,

Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See where she comes, apparel'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to man!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever 'ras'd, and tasty wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heav'n, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain:
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
That, without covering save yon field of stars,
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on Death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hast taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life 's but breath, to trust it never.

I'll make my will then; and, as sick men do
 Who know the world, see heav'n, but feeling woe,
 Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you
 And all good men, as every prince should do;
 My riches to the earth from whence they came;
 But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[To the Daughter of Antiochus.]

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
 I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice; read the conclusion then;
 Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,
 As these before, so thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!

Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness!^a

Per. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,
 Nor ask advice of any other thought,
 But faithfulness, and courage.

THE RIDDLE.

"I am ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~per~~, yet I feed
 On mother's flesh which did me breed:
 I sought a husband, in which labour,
 I found that kindness in a father.
 He's father, son, and husband mild,
 I mother, wife, and yet his child.
 How they may be, and yet in two,
 As you will live, resolve it you."

Sharp physic is the last: but O, ye powers!
 That give heav'n countless eyes to view men's acts,
 Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
 If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
 Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.]

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:

^a Of all say'd yet is the ancient reading; which Percy suggested meant—of all who have essay'd yet.

But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heav'n down, and all the gods to hearken;
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'T would 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who hath a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown:
For vice repeated is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear;
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole
casts

Copp'd hills toward heaven, to tell, the earth is throng'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.
Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.—
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven that I had thy head! he has found the
meaning!
But I will gloss with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince of
Tyre,
Though by the tenor of our strict edict,

Your exposition misinterpreting,
 We might proceed to cancel of your days ;
 Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise :
 Forty days longer we do respite you,
 If by which time our secret be undone,
 This mercy shows we 'll joy in such a son
 And, until then, your entertain shall be,
 As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt ANT., his Daughter, and Attendants.*]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin !
 When what is done is like an hypocrite,
 The which is good in nothing but in sight.
 If it be true that I interpret false,
 Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
 As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;
 Where now you 're both a father and a son,
 By your untimely claspings with your child
 (Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father) ;
 And she an eater of her another's flesh,
 By the defiling of her parent's bod ;
 And both like serpents are, who though they feed
 On sweetest flowers, yet they poison bread.
 Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, those men
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
 Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
 One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;
 Murder 's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame :
 Then, lest my life be clogg'd to keep you clear,
 By flight I 'll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.]

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we
 mean
 To have his head ;

He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner :
And therefore instantly this prince must die ;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there ?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call ?

Ant. Thaliard, you 're of our chamber, and our
mind

Partakes her private actions to your secrecy ;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold here 's poison, and here 's gold ;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him ;
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done ?

Thal. My lord, 't is done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mes. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

Ant. As thou

Wilt live, fly after ; and like an arrow, shot
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so do thou ne'er return,
Unless thou say'st, prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I can get him within my pistol's
length, I 'll make him sure enough : so farewell to your
highness. [*Exit.*]

Ant. Thaliard, adieu ! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Tyre.

Enter PERICLES, HELIOANUS, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us : why should this charge
of thoughts,—

The sad companion, dull-ey'd Melancholy,
By me [be] so us'd a guest, as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me
quiet?

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun
them,

And danger which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here;
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me:
Then it is thus; the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me;—the great Antiochus
(Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he 's so great, can make his will his act)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He 'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he 'll o'erspread the land,
And with the stint of war will look so huge,^a
Amasement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)

^a *Stint*, "which is the reading of all the copies, has here no meaning," according to Malone. *Ostent* is therefore adopted. But what has been said just before:—

"He 'll stop the course by which it might be known?"

He will stop it, by the *stint* of war. *Stint* is synonymous with *stop*, in the old writers.

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue:
They do abuse the king that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that spark gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings as they are men, for they may err.
When signior Sooth here doth proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life:
Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you please,
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping, and what lading 's in our haven,
And then return to us. Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from
whence
They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power to take thy life from
thee.

Hel. I have ground the axe myself; do but you
strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee, rise: sit down, thou art no flatterer;

I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus ;
That minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then ; I went to Antioch, ^a
Whereas,^a thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate ;
Are arms^b to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder ;
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest ;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father,
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth :^c but thou know'st this,
'T is time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector : and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed ;
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years ;
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him ;
When all, for mine, if I may call 't offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence :
Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it)——

Hel. Alas, sir !

Per. Drow sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my
cheeks,

^a *Whereas*, in the sense of *where*.

^b Which *are arms*, &c., is here understood.

^c To *smooth* signifies to flatter.

Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came ;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave
to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear ;
And justly too, I think ; you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot ;
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life :
Your rule direct to any ; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I 'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith ;

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence—

Hel. We 'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I 'll hear from thee ;
And by whose letters I 'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I 'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath ;

Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both :

But in our orbs we 'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,"

Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince. [*Exe.*

SCENE III.

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here
must I kill king Pericles ; and if I do it not, I am sure
to be hanged at home : 't is dangerous.—Well, I per-

^a Conviction, in the space of overcomes.

ceive, he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.

Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELLICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords of Tyre.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow-peers of Tyre, Further to question me of your king's departure. His seal'd commission, left in trust with me, Doth speak sufficiently, he 's gone to travel.

Thal. How! the king gone!

[*Aside.*]

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied, Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves He would depart, I'll give some light unto you. Being at Antioch—

Thal. What from Antioch?

[*Aside.*]

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not) Took some displeasure at him, at least he judg'd so: And doubting lest he had err'd or sinn'd, To show his sorrow, he 'd correct himself; So puts himself unto the shipman's toil, With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive

I shall not be hang'd now, although I would; But since he 's gone, the king sure must please He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.— I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre.

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come

With message unto princely Pericles; But since my landing I have understood, Your lord hath betook himself to unknown travels; My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,

Commeuded to our master, not to us :
Yet ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Tharsus.

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and others.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And, by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 't will teach us to forget our own ?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it ;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, ev'n such our griefs are ;
Here they 're but felt, and seen* with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish ?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air ; our eyes do weep, till tongues
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder, that
If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helpers to comfort them.
I 'll then discourse our woes felt several years,
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I 'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, over which I have the govern-
ment,
A city, on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets ;
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at ;

* Dionyza means to say that here their griefs are but felt and seen with mischief's eyes—eyes of discontent and suffering ; but if topp'd with other tales—that is, cut down by the comparison—like groves they will rise higher, be more unbearable.

Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by :
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight :
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. Oh, 't is too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do ! By this our change,

These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are deff'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise ;
Those palates, who, not us'd to hunger's savour,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it ;
Those mothers who, to nouzle up their babes,
'Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd ;
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life :
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping ;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true ?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O let those cities that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears !
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where 's the lord governor ?

Cle. Here.

*Speak out thy sorrows, which thou bring'st, in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.*

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear?

The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there:
Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships, and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships (you happily may think

* *Consent*—stands on.

Are, like the Trojan horre, war-stuff'd within,
With bloody views expecting overthrow)
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life, whom hunger starv'd half dead.

Omnos. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we will pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise;
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen),
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while,
Until our stars, that frown, lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His chuld, I wis, to incest bring :
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath past necessity.
I 'll show you those in trouble's reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good, in conversation
(To whom I give my benizon)
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can :^a
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious :
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought to your eyes ; what need speak I ?

Dumb show.

Enter at one door PERICLES talking with CLEON ; all the Train with them. Enter at another door a Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES ; PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON ; PERICLES gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him.

[Exit PER. at one door, and CLE. at another.]^b

Good Helicane hath stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,

^a The meaning of this obscure line probably is—thinks all he can speak is as holy writ

^b We give this *dumb show* literally, as in the original.

From others' labours; for though he strive
 To killen bad, keeps good alive;
 And, to fulfil his prince's desire,
 Sends word of all that happens in Tyre:
 How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
 And had intent to murder him;
 And that in Tharsus 't was not best
 Linger for him to make his rest:
 He, knowing so, put forth to sea,
 Where when men bin, there 's seldom ease;
 For now the wind begins to blow;
 Thunder above, and deeps below,
 Make such unquiet, that the ship
 Should house him safe, is wrack'd and split;
 And he, good prince, having all lost,
 By waves from coast to coast is toss'd;
 All perishes of man, of pelf,
 Ne aught escapen'd but himself;
 Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
 Threw him ashore to give him glad:
 And here he comes; what shall be next,
 Pardon old Gower; this 'longs the text." [Exit.

SCENE I.—Pentapolis.

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!
 Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
 Is but a substance, that must yield to you;
 And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
 Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
 Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath,
 Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:

* Donce explains this clearly:—"This 'longs the text" is, in Gower's allusive construction, this belongs to the text; I need not comment upon it; you will see it.

such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides? ^a

3 *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject^a of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 *Fish.* Honest, good fellow, what's that? If it be
a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody
look after it.^b

Per. You may see, the sea hath cast me on your
coast.

2 *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast
thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in
our country of Greece gets more with begging than we
can do with working.

2 *Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's
nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;

^a Subject must be taken as a plural noun.

^b This is the reading of the original, and has occasioned some discussion. Does it not mean that the fisherman, laughing at the rarity of being honest, remarks, if it be a day (i. e. a subject on red-letter day) fits you, search out of (not in) the calendar, and nobody look after it (there, as it would be written)?

But what I am, want teaches me to think on ;
A man throng'd up with cold ; my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help :
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish*. Die, quoth-a ? Now gods forbid ! I have
a gown here ; come, put it on, keep thee warm. Now,
afore me, a handsome fellow ! Come, thou shalt go
home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-
days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks ; and thou
shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish*. Hark you, my friend, you said you could
not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fish*. But crave ? then I'll turn craver too, and
so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd then ?

2 *Fish*. O, not all, my friend, not all ; for if all
your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better
office than to be a beadle. But, master, I'll go draw
up the net. [*Exeunt two of the Fishermen*.]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour !

1 *Fish*. Hark you, sir, do you know where you are ?

Per. Not well.

1 *Fish*. Why, I'll tell you ; this is called Penta-
polis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him ?

1 *Fish*. Ay, sir, and he deserves so to be called, for
his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his
subjects the name of good, by his government. How
far is his court distant from this shore ?

1 *Fish*. Marry, sir, half a day's journey ; and I'll
tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is
her birthday ; and there are princes and knights come

from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.*

Re-enter the two Fishermen, dragging up a net.

3 Fish. Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! bobs on 't, 't is come at last, and 't is turn'd to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it. Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all my crosses, Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself; And, though it was mine own, part of mine heritage Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge (even as he left his life), "Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield "Twixt me and death (and pointed to this brace); For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity, The which the gods protect thee from! 't may defend thee."

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd they've given it again:
I thank thee for it; my shipwreck now's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in his will.

1 Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was some time target to a king;
I know it by this mark; he lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,

* We cannot attempt to explain this. There are more fishes in this play than that of Antiochus.

Where with it I may appear a gentleman ;
 And if that ever my low fortune's better,
 I'll pay your bounties ; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish*. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady ?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish*. Why, d' ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't !

2 *Fish*. Ay, but hark you, my friend ; 't was we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the water : there are certain condolences, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe it, I will ;

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel ;
 And spite of all the rupture of the sea,
 This jewel holds his bidding on my arm ;
 Unto thy value I will mount myself
 Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
 Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
 Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
 Of a pair of bases.*

2 *Fish*. We'll sure provide : thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair ; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will,
 This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.—*A public Way or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King and Princess.*^b

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph ?

1 *Lord*. They are, my liege ;

And stay your coming, to present themselves.

* Armour for the legs.

^b This description of the scene is modern.

Sim. Return them, we are ready ; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom Nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [Exit a Lord.]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'T is fit it should be so ; for princes are
A model which heaven makes like to itself :
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'T is now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

[Enter a Knight ; he passes over the stage, and
his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.]

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself ?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father ;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the sun ;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi*.

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[The second Knight passes.]

Who is the second that presents himself ?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father ;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady :
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Pius per dulcora que per
fuera*.

[The third Knight passes.]

Sim. And what's the third ?

Thai. The third of Antioch ; and his device,
A wreath of chivalry : the word, *Me pompæ prorexit
apex*.

[The fourth Knight passes.]

Sim. What is the fourth ?

Thai. A burning torch that's turned upside down ;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit*.

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

* [The fifth Knight passes.]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried :
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth Knight passes.*

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, the which the
knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd ?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger ; but his present
Is a wither'd branch, that's only green at top ;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral ;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward
show

Can any way speak in his just commend :

For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock than the lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming ; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts, and all cry, The mean Knight.*

SCENE III.—*A Hall of State. A Banquet prepared.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Attendants, and the
Knights from tilting.*

Sim. Knights,

To say you are welcome, were superfluous.

To place upon the volume of your deeds,

As in a title-page, your worth in arms,

Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,

Since every worth in show commends itself.
 Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast :
 You are princes, and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest ;
 To whom this wreath of victory I give,
 And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours ;
 And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
 In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
 To make some good, but others to exceed ;
 And you 're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the
 feast,

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place :
 Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days ; honour we love,
 For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, sir ; for we are gentlemen,
 That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
 Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.

By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
 These cases resist me, he not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
 All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
 Wishing him my meat : sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman ; has done no
 more

Than other knights have done ; has broken a staff,
 Or so ; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. You king 's to me, like to my father's picture,
 Which tells me, in that glory once he was ;

Had princes sit like stars about his throne,
And be the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;
Where^a now his son 's like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men,
For he 's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

I Knight. Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that 's stor'd unto the brim,
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips.)
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while; yon knight doth sit too
melancholy,

As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is 't to me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter;
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them:

And princes, not doing so, are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here say, we drink this standing bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How! do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me
better.

[*Aside.*

^a *Whereas*—whereas.

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, hath drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him
freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name Pericles;
My education has been in arts and arms;)
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwrack, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the sea has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armour, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance:
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd; 't was so well perform'd.
Come, sir; here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

Sim. Oh, that 's as much as you would be denied

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. [To PERICLES.] Pages and lights,
to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
For that 's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence;
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot of
An inestimable value, and his daughter
With him, a fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up
Those bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes ador'd them* ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Escan. 'T was very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heav'n's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Escan. 'T is very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 Lord. See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, hath respect with him but he.

* An elliptical construction—all those eyes which ador'd
them.

2 *Lord*. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 *Lord*. And cum'd he be that will not second it.

1 *Lord*. Follow me then : lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me ? and welcome : happy day, my lords.

1 *Lord*. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what ? wrong not your prince
you love.

1 *Lord*. Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane ;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground 's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we 'll seek him out ;
If in his grave he rest, we 'll find him there ;
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord*. Whose death 's, indeed, the strongest in our
censure : *

And knowing this kingdom is without a head,
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin,) your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

Omn. Live, noble Helicane.

Hel. Try honour's cause ; forbear your suffrages :
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where 's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.
Where 's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king ;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth ;

* *Censure*—opinion.

Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord*. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And since lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp
hands;
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Ere.*

SCENE V.—Pentapolis.

Enter SIMONIDES reading a Letter; the Knights meet him.

1 *Knight*. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you
know,
That for this twelvemonth she will not undertake
A married life:

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 *Knight*. May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied
her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
Thus by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break.

3 *Knight*. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.
[*Exeunt.*

Sim. So,
They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter;
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'T is well, mistress, your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in 't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.

Well, I do commend her choice,
And will no longer have it be delay'd :
Soft, here he comes ;—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides !

Sim. To you as much ! Sir, I am beholden to you,
For your sweet music this last night : I do
Protest, my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend ;
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask you one thing. What do you
think

Of my daughter, sir ?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not ?

Per. As a fair day in summer ; wond'rous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you ;
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar ; therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so ; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here !

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre ?

'T is the king's subtilty to have my life.

[*Aside.*

Oh, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou
art

A villain.

Per. By the gods I have not ;
Never did thought of mine levy offence ;

Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat (unless it be a king),
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

[*Aside.*

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court, for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove, he 's honour's enemy.

Sim. No!—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISIA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had, who takes offence
At that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
I am glad of it with all my heart.

[*Aside.*

I 'll tame you; I 'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections upon a stranger?
(Who, for aught I know,
May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in blood as I myself.)

Aside.

Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine—and you, sir, hear you,
Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—
Man and wife;

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too;
And, being join'd, I 'll thus your hopes destroy :—
And for a further grief,—God give you joy !—
What, are you both pleas'd ?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Pcr. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed ?

Beth. Yes, if it please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I 'll see you wed ;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
 No din but snores, the house about,
 Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
 Of this most pompous marriage feast.
 The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
 Now couches from ^a the mouse's hole;
 And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
 Are the blither for their drouth.
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
 A babe is moulded :—Be attent,
 And time that is so briefly spent,
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche;^b
 What 's dumb in show, I 'll plain with speech.

Dumb show.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES, at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to him. Then enter THAISA with child, and Lychorida, a nurse. SIMONIDES shows [his daughter] the letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart.

Gow. By many a derne^c and painful perch,
 Of Pericles the careful search
 By the four opposing coignes,
 Which the world together joins,

^a From—before—a short distance off.^b Eche—eke out.^c Derne—solitary.

Is made, with all due diligence,
That horse and sail, and high expense,
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre
(Fame answering the most strange inquire)
To the court of king Simonides
Are letters brought; the tenor these? *Antiochus and his daughter dead;*
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none;
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to them, if king Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolia,
Yraved the regions round,
And every one with claps 'gan sound,
"Our heir apparent is a king:
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"
Brief he must hence depart to Tyre;
His queen with child, makes her desire
(Which who shall cross?) along to go;
(Omit we all their dole and woe:)
Lychorida her nurse she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut; but fortune mov'd,
Varies again: the grizzled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and well-a-need
Doth fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm,
Shall for itself, itself perform;

I will relate; action may
Conveniently the rest convey :
Which might not what by me is told.—
In your imagination hold
This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-toss'd Pericles appears to speak. [Exit.

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES on a ship at sea.

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these
surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O still
Thy deaf'ning, dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou storm, venomously,
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ear of death,
Unheard—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

Enter Lychorida.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir, do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per.

Oh ye gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy ¹life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!
For thou art the rudeliest welcom'd to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb:
Even at the first, thy loss is more than can
Thy portage quit, with all thou canst find here.—
Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter two Sailors.

1 Sail. What! courage, sir! God save you.

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new seafarer,
I would it would be quiet.

1 Sail. Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt
thou? Blow and split thyself.

2 Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow
kiss the moon, I care not.

1 Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea
works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the
ship be clear'd of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath
been still observed; and we are strong in, astern.^a

^a *Strong in, astern.* The original copies have, "we are strong
in *asterns*." Will not the slightest change give a nautical sense,

Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And eye-remaining lamps, the belching whale,
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O, Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffin: lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

2 Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,
caulk'd and bitum'd ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say, what coast is this?

2 Sail. We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner;
Alter thy course for Tyre.^b When canst thou reach it?

2 Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body presently. [Exit.

with the consciousness of nautical language? All that one of the sailors wants is "sea room." The ship, as we learn immediately, is off the coast of Tharsus. The sailor drives the coast, and the ship is driving upon it, unmanageable—answering not the helm:—"We are strong in [driving strongly in shore] stern."

^a Coffin, and coffin, are words of the same original meaning.

^b Pursue not the courses for Tyre.

SCENE II.—Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It hath been a turbulent and stormy night.

Ser. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There 's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [To PHILEMON.]

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Good morrow.

2 Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen, why do you stir so early?

1 Gent. Sir, our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals* did seem to rend,
And all to tupples: pure surprise and fear
Made me to leave the house.

2 Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'T is not our husbandry.

Cer. O you say well.

1 Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose:
It is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

* *Principals.* The strongest timbers of a building.

Cer. I held it ever,
 Virtue and cunning^a were endowments greater
 Than nobleness and riches : careless heirs
 May the two latter darken and expend ;
 But immortality attends the former,
 Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
 Have studied physic, through which secret art,
 By turning o'er authorities, I have
 (Together with my practice) made familiar
 To me and to my aid, the bless'd infusions
 That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones ;
 And I can speak of the disturbances
 That nature works, and of her cures ; which gives me
 A more content in course of true delight
 Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
 Or tie my pleasure up in silken bags,
 To please the fool and death.^b

2 *Gent.* Your honour hath through Ephesus pour'd
 forth
 Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
 Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd :
 And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but
 even
 Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
 Such strong renown as time shall never——

Enter two Servants with a Chest.

Ser. So ; lift there.

Cer. What 's that ?

Ser. Sir,
 Even now did the sea toss up upon our shore
 This chest : 't is of some wrack.

^a *Cunning*—knowledge.

^b So, in *Measure for Measure* :—

“ Merely thou art death's fool,
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runn'st toward him still.”

The o'erpress'd spirits. I have heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter a Servant with napkins and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.
The viol once more;—How thou stirr'st, thou block!—
The music there.—I pray you, give her air;—
Gentlemen, this queen will live:
Nature awakes; a warmth breathes out of her;
She hath not been entranc'd above five hours.
See how she 'gins to blow into life's flower again!

1 *Gent.* The heavens, through you, increase our
wonder,

And set up your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*]

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where 's my lord? What world is this?

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1 *Gent.*

Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours;
Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come,
And Esculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*]

SCENE III.—*Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.*

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONTEA, Lychorida,
and MARINA.*

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyros stands
In a litigious peace. You and your lady
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you
mortally,
Yet glance full wond'ringly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her
hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe, Marina,
(Whom, for she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,)
Here I charge your charity withal,
Leaving her the infant of your care, beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord; but think,
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)
Must in your child be thought on. If neglect
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to it,

Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will in 't.^a So I take my leave :
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cla. We 'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the
shore ;

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears :
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's
House.*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer ; which are now
At your command. Know you the character ?

Thai. It is my lord's. That I was shipp'd at sea
I well remember, even on my yearning time ;
But whether there delivered or no,
By the holy gods, I cannot rightly say ;
But since king Pericles, my wedded lord,

^a The original has "*unscissar'd* shall this *hair*." He will not marry ; she shall be *unscissar'd*. But when Pericles in the fifth act discovers his daughter, he will "*clip to form*" what makes him "*look so dismal* ;" and beautify what for "*fourteen years no razor touch'd*."

I ne'er shall see again, a vestal livery
Will I take me to, and never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire :
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that 's all ;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a Until you die.

ACT IV.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at 'ryne,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votary.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack!
That monster Envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even right for marriage fight; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be.
Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk
With fingers, long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needl wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute
That still records* with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill

* Records—makes music—sings.

With absolute Marina : so
 The dove of Paphos might with the crow
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given. This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stand,
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead,
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant instrument of wrath
 Prest^a for this blow. The unborn event
 I do commend to your content :
 Only I carried winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
 Dionyza doth appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.

SCENE I.—Tharsus. *An open place near the sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to do it.
 'T is but a blow, which never shall be known.
 Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
 Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
 Inflame too nicely ; nor let pity, which
 Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
 A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I 'll do 't ; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Prest—ready.

Dion. The fitter then the gods above should have her.
Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death.
Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No : I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers : the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall as a carpet* hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ah me ! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirling me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina ! why do you keep alone ?
How chance my daughter is not with you ? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing ; you have
A nurse of me. Lord ! how your favour 's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe !

Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar them.
Walk with Leonine ; the air 's quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you ;
I 'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come ;
I love the king your father, and yourself,

* Carpet. So the old copies. The modern reading is *chaplet*. But it is evident that the poet was thinking of the green mound that marks the last resting-place of the humble, and not of the sculptured tomb to be adorned with wreaths. Upon the grassy grave Marina will hang a carpet of flowers—she will strew flowers, she has before said. The carpet of Shakspeare's time was a piece of tapestry, or embroidery, spread upon tables ; and the real flowers with which Marina will cover the grave of her friend might have been, in her imagination, so intertwined as to resemble a carpet, usually bright with the flowers of the needle.

With more than foreign heart. We every day
 Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
 Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
 He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
 Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
 No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
 Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve^a
 That excellent complexion which did steal
 The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
 I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
 But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 't is good for you.
 Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
 Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I 'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;
 Pray walk softly, do not heat your blood;
 What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.
 [Exit DIONYZA.]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born the wind was north.

Leon. Was 't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
 But cried, "Good seamen," to the sailors, galling
 His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;
 And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
 That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born.
 Never was waves nor wind more violent;
 And from the ladder-tackle washes off
 A canvas-climber; "Ha!" says one, "wilt out?"
 And with a dropping industry they skip

^a Reserve—preserve.

From stem to stern : the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you ?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it : pray ; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me ?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd ?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life ;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn,
To any living creature : believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly :
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger ?

Leon. My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshew
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought :
Good sooth, it show'd well in you ; do so now :
Your lady seeks my life ;—come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon.

I am sworn,

And will despatch.

Enter Pirates whilst she is struggling.

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain !

[*Leon. runs away.*]

2 *Pirate.* A prize ! a prize !

3 *Pirates.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's
have her aboard suddenly. [*Exeunt Pirates with Mar.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.**Re-enter LEONINE.*

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate
Valdes;

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go;
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravi'd must by me be slain. [*Exit*

SCENE III.—*Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.**Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.*

Pand. Boul't.

Boul't. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full
of gallants. We lost too much money this morn'g by
being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures.
We have but poor three, and they can do no more than
they can do; and they with continual action are even
as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we
pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used
in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true: 't is not our bringing up
of poor bastards, as I think I have brought up some
eleven—

Boul't. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again.
But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong
wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome
o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead that
lay with the little baggage

Boult. Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she made him roast-meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market.

[Exit BOULT.]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Basel. Why, to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 't were not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Basel. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling; but here comes Boult.

Enter the Pirates, and BOULT, dragging in MARINA.

Boult. Come your ways. *[To MARINA.]* My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 Pirate. O sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Basel. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and hath excellent good clothes; there's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Basel. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. *[Exeunt Pandor and Pirates.]*

Basel. Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour

of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, "He that will give most, shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Booth. Performance shall follow. [Exit BOULT.]

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
(He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates,
Not enough barbarous, had but overboard
Thrown me, for to seek my mother!

Booth. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Booth. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Booth. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault, to 'scape his hands,
where I
Was like to die.

Booth. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Booth. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen
of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have
the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop
your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Booth. What would you have me be, an I be not a
woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Booth. Marry, whip thee, goosling: I think I shall
have something to do with you. Come, you are a
young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would
have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Booth. If it please the gods to defend you by men,
then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men
must aid you up.—Boult's returned.

Enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prithee, tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow, with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he doth but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither a while. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; to despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your lovers: Seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

* *More—absolute—certain.*

Basid. Thou sayst true, I' faith, so they must, for your lady goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boul. 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint,—

Basid. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the joint.

Boul. I may so.

Basid. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well

Boul. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Basid. Boul, spend thou that in the town report what a sojourner we have, you'll lose nothing by custom. When Nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn, therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boul. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out of her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Basid. Come your ways; follow me

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Basid. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you,
will you go with us? [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV — *A Room in Cleon's House at Tharsus.*

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think you'll turn a child again

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess

To equal any single crown o' the earth,
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou hast poison'd too!
If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy face: What canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the impious innocent,
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
"She died by foul play."

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow
From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then:
Yet none doth know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did disdain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me, as an enterprise of kindness,
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle.

Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 't is done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies:
But yet I know you 'll do as I advise. [Exit.

*Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA at
Tharsus.*

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues
make short,
Sail seas in cockles, have and wish but for 't;
Making (to take your imagination)
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,
To learn of me, who stand-i' the gaps to teach you,
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
(Attended on by many a lord and knight,)
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Egeus, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tharsus (think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on),
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.

Like moles and shadows see them move a while;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

*Enter PERICLES at one door, with all his train;
CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows
PERICLES the tomb [of MARINA]; whereat PERI-
CLES makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a
mighty passion departs.*

Go. See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'erflow'd,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit^a
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionysa.

[Reads the inscription on MARINA's monument.

"The fairest, sweetest, best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyros, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never stint,
Make raging battery upon shores of flint."

No visor does become black villainy,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By lady Fortune; while our tears must play.
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,

^a Please you wit—be pleas'd to know.

In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylene. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preach'd there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-nouses: shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do anything now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.—The same. *A Room in the Brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her; she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravish'd, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on 't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter **LYSIMACHUS**.

Lys. How now? How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boul. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 't is the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 't is to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boul. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but——

Lys. What, prithee?

Boul. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That disguises the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter **MARINA**.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there 's for you;—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I 'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [*To MARINA, whom she takes aside.*]

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him,

Bowed. Next, he 's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed ; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bowed. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly ? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done ?

Bowed. My lord, she 's not pac'd yet ; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[*Exeunt Bowed, Pander, and Boul.*]

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade ?

Mar. What trade, sir ?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession ?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young ? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven ?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it ? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am ?

Mar. Who is my principal ?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman ; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my autho-

rity shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee.
Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, shew it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How 's this? how 's this?—Some more;—he
sage.

Mar. For me, that am a maid, though most ungentle
Fortune hath plac'd me in this loathsome sty,
Where since I came, diseases have been sold
Dearer than physic,—O that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou
couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here 's gold for thee:
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The good gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue,
And I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold; here 's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st from me
It shall be for thy good.

[*As LYSIMACHUS is putting up his paras,*
BOULT enters.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one pice for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away. [Exit.

Boult. How 's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what 's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, ye gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She 's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of womenkind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! *[Exit Bawd.]*

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold as dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing?

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command. Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend Of hell would not in reputation change: Thou art the damn'd door-keeper to every coyst'rel That comes inquiring for his tib; To the cholerick fasting of every rogue thy ear Is liable; thy food is such As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do anything but this thou doest. Empty Old receptacles, or common sewers of filth; Serve by indenture to the common hangman; Any of these ways are better yet than this: For what thou professest, a haboon, could he speak, Would own a name too dear. That the gods would safely

Deliver me from this place! Here, here's gold for thee. If that thy master would gain aught by me, Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance, With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast; And I will undertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous city will Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again, And prostitute me to the basest groom That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

My. But amongst honest women?
Bowls. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst
harp. But since my master and mistress have bought
you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I
will make them acquainted with your purpose, and
I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough.
Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways.
[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.

She sings like one immortal, and she dances

As goddess-like to her admired lays :

Deep clerks she dumbs ; and with her needl com-
poses

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry ;

That even her art sisters the natural roses ;

Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry :

That pupils lacks she none of noble race,

Who pour their bounty on her ; and her gain

She gives the curst bawd. Here we her place,

And to her father turn our thoughts again,

Where we left him on the sea. We there him
lost :

Where driven before the winds he is arriv'd

Here where his daughter dwells ; and on this coast

Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd

God Neptune's annual feast to keep : from whence

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,

His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expenses ;

And to him in his barge with fervour hies.

In your supposing once more put your sight :

Of heavy Pericles think this the bark :

Where, what is done in action, more, if might,

Shall be discover'd ; please you sit and hark. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—*On board PERICLES' ship off Mitylene.*

A close Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where is the lord Helicanus? He can resolve you. [*To the Sailor of Mitylene.*] O, here he is. Sir, there is a barge put off from Mitylene, and in it is Lysimachus the governor, who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there is some one of worth would come aboard; I pray, greet him fairly.

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*]

Enter from thence LYSIMACHUS, attended; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir, this is the man that can, in aught you would, resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am, And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honour Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel before us,
I made to it, to know what you are.

Hel. First, what is your name?

Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir, our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;

A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may,
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak to any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, sir. [*PERICLES discovered.*] This
was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail,
Royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'T is well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And, with her fellow-maids, is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*Whispers one of the attendant Lords.* Exit Lord
in the barge of LYSIMACHUS.

Hel. Sure all 's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys.

O, sir, a court

Which if we should deny, the most just God
 For every graft would send a caterpillar,
 And so inflict our province.—Yet once more
 Let me entreat to know at large the cause
 Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.
 But see, I am prevented.

Enter, from the barge, Lord, MARINA, and a young Lady.

Lys. O here's the lady that I sent for. Welcome,
 fair one!

Is 't not a goodly presence?

Hel. She's a gallant lady.

Lys. She's such a one, that were I well assur'd
 Came of a gentle kind, and noble stock,
 I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
 Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
 Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
 If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
 Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
 Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
 As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
 My utmost skill in his recovery,
 Provided none but I and my companion
 Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
 And the gods make her prosperous! [*MARINA sings.*]

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord,
 Lead ear.

Per. Hum, ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
 My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
 But have been gaz'd on like a comet: she speaks,

My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he speak."

[*Aside.*

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon
me.

You are like something, that—What country-woman?
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square
brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly: in place another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them
hungry,

The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

"Owe—own.

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee, speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing I said, and said no more
But what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine, consider'd, prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind
virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir, or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient;
Thou little knowest how ~~thou~~ dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name was given me
by one that had some power; my father and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter, and call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;

But, not to be a troubler of your peace,

I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?

Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy-motion?

Well; speak on. Where were you born?

And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina,

For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? who was thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;

Who died the very minute I was born,

As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft

Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!

This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep

Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be

My daughter buried. [*Aside.*] Well;—where were
you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,

And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 't were best I did
give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable

Of what you shall deliver. Yet give me leave—

How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me;

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,

Did seek to murder me: And having woo'd

A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,

A crew of pirates came and rescued me;

Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir, whither

Will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be

You think me an impostor; no, good faith;

I am the daughter to king Pericles,

If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general; tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell her parentage;
Being demanded that, she would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O come hither,
Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again!—O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray, what is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name: as in the rest you said,
Thou hast been god-like perfect, the heir of kingdoms,
And another like to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my
child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus, she
is;
Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;

When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 't is the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what music's this?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?

The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds do ye not hear?

Lys. Music? My lord, I hear—

Per.

Most heavenly music:

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber

Hangs on mine eyes; let me rest.

[*He sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head.

So leave him all. Well, my companion-friends,

If this but answer to my just belief,

I'll well remember you.

[*Exit* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and
attendant Lady.]

SCENE II.—The same.

PERICLES on deck asleep; DIANA appearing to him
as in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,

And give them repetition to the like.

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe :

Do 't, and be happy : by my silver bow

Awake, and tell thy dream. [DIANA disappears.]

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike

Th' inhospitable Cleon; but I am

For other service first : toward Ephesus

Turn our blown sails : to-morrow I 'll tell thee why.

[To HELICANUS.]

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,

And give you gold for such provision

As our intents will need ?

Lys. Sir,

With all my heart ; and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,

Were it to woo my daughter ; for it seems

You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER, before the Temple of DIANA at
Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run ;

More a little, and then dumb.

This, as my last boon, give me,

(For such kindness must relieve me,)

That you aptly will suppose

What pageantry, what feasts, what shows,

What minstrelsy, what pretty din,

The regent made in Mitylin,

To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,

That he is promis'd to be wiv'd

To fair Marina ; but in no wise,

Till he had done his sacrifice,

As Dian bade : whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they 're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom.

[*Erit.*

SCENE III.—*The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus;
THAISA standing near the altar, as high priestess;
a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and
other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

*Enter PERICLES with his Train; LYSIMACHUS,
HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.*

Per. Hail, Dian ! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre ;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child called Marina ; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She, at Tharsus,
Was nur'd with Cleon ; whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder : but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene ; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai.

Voice and favour !—

You are, you are—O royal Pericles !— [*She faints.*

Per. What means the woman ? she dies ! help, gentlemen !

Cor. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per.

Reverend appearer, no ;

I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'T is most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady ;—O, she 's but o'erjoy'd.

Early in blust'ring morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels ; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them ?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.

Thai. O, let me look upon him !
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles ? Like him you speak,
Like him you are : Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death !

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa !

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed drown'd
And dead.

Per. Immortal Dian !

Thai. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

Per. This, this ; no more, you gods ! your present
kindness

Makes my past miseries sports : You shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[Kneels to THAIS.

Per. Look, who kneels here ! Flesh of thy flesh,
Thaisa ;

Thy burthen at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own !

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen !

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from
Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute,
Can you remember what I call'd the man ?
I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'T was Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation :

Embrace him, dear Thaisa : this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found ;
How possibly preserv'd ; and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord ; this man, through
whom

The gods have shown their power ; that can from first
To last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir, the gods
Can have no mortal officer more like
A god than you. Will you deliver how
This dead queen re-lives ?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her ;
How she came placed here within the temple ;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana !
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
Night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form ;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thsi. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father 's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my
queen,
We 'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter, you have
heard

Of matrons lust the due and just reward :
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen)
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty :
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn ;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for further seemed so content
To punish them ; although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience ever more attending,
New joy wait on you ! Here our play hath ending.

[*Exit GOWER.*]

END OF PERICLES.

KNIGHTS CABINET EDITION

OF



THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

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CORIOLANUS



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'The tragedy of Coriolanus' was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. With the exception of a few obvious typographical errors, such as invariably occur even under the eye of an author when a book is printed from manuscript, the text is wonderfully accurate.

'The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans, compared together by Plutarch, done into English by Thomas North,' is a book on many accounts to be venerated. It is still the best translation of Plutarch we have,—full of fine robust English,—a book worthy of Shakspeare to read and sometimes to imitate. Here he found the story of Coriolanus told in the most graphic manner; and he followed it pretty literally. Niebuhr places this story amongst the fabulous legends of Rome. Plutarch, and especially Shakspeare, have made it almost impossible to believe that such Romans did not really live, and think, and talk, and act, as we see them in these wonderful pictures of humanity.

The leading idea of Shakspeare's 'Coriolanus'—the pivot upon which all the action turns—the key to the bitterness of factious hatred which runs through the whole drama—is the contest for power between the patricians and plebeians. This is a broad principle, assuming various modifications in various states of society, but very slightly varied in its foundations and its results. He that truly works out the exhibition of this principle must paint men, let the scene be the

Rome of the first Tribunes, or the Venice of the last Doges. With the very slightest changes of accessories, the principle stands for the contests between aristocracy and democracy, in any country or in any age. The historical truth, and the philosophical principle, which Shakspeare has embodied in 'Coriolanus' are universal. But suppose he had possessed the means of treating the subject with what some would call historical accuracy; had learnt that Plutarch, in the story of Coriolanus, was probably dealing only with a legend; that, if the story is to be received as true, it belongs to a later period; that in this later period there were very nice shades of difference between the classes composing the population of Rome; that the balance of power was a much more complex thing than he found in the narrative of Plutarch: further suppose that, proud of this learning, he had made the universal principle of the plebeian and patrician hostility subsidiary to an exact display of it, according to the conjectures which modern industry and acuteness have brought to bear on the subject. It is evident, we think, that he would have been betrayed into a false principle of art; and would necessarily have drawn Roman shadows instead of vital and enduring men. As it is, he has drawn men so vividly—under such permanent relations to each other—with such universal manifestations of character, that some persons of strong political feelings have been ready to complain, according to their several creeds, either that his plebeians are too brutal, or his patricians too haughty. The tribute to Shakspeare's political impartiality is complete.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 8; sc. 9. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

TITUS LARTIUS, a general, against the Volces.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 9. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1.

COMINIUS, a general, against the Volces.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 9. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, friend to Coriolanus.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.

SICINIUS VELUTUS, a tribune of the people.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4.

JUNIUS BRUTUS, a tribune of the people.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.

Young Marcius, son to Coriolanus.

Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

A Roman Herald.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, general of the Volces.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 8; sc. 10. Act IV. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 7.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

Appear, Act V. sc. 5.

A Citizen of Antium.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4.

Two Volcian Guards.

Appear, Act V. sc. 2.

VOLUMNIA, mother to Coriolanus.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV.
sc. 1; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.*

VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 3.*

VALERIA, friend to Virgilia.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3.

Gentlewoman attending Virgilia.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3.

*Roman and Volcian Senators, Patricians, Ediles,
Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to
Aufidius, and other Attendants.*

SCENE,—PARTLY IN ROME; AND PARTLY IN THE
TERRITORIES OF THE VOLCIANS AND ANTIATES.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*]

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know 't, we know 't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on 't: let it be done: away, away!

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good:—What authority surfeits on would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our suffer-

* *Good*—in the mercantile sense. So Shylock says, "Antonio is a good man."

ance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes :^a for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius ?

Cit. Against him first : he's a very dog to the commonalty.

3 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country ?

1 *Cit.* Very well ; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously he did it to that end ; though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud ; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature you account a vice in him : You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations ; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these ? The other side o' the city is risen : Why stay we prating here ? to the Capitol !

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft ! who comes here ?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa ; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He 's one honest enough : 'Would all the rest were so !

^a *Rakes.* The allusion, there can be little doubt, is to the tool so called. The simile is very old ; we find in Chaucer—

“ As lean was his horse as is a rake.”

Men. What work 's, my countrymen, in hand?

Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.*^a Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we 'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder than can ever Appear in your impediment: For the death, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act esta-

^a All the subsequent dialogue with Menenius is given by the modern editors to the *first* citizen. The *first* citizen is a hater of public men,—the second of public measures; the first would kill Coriolanus,—the second would repeal the laws relating to corn and usury. He says not one word against Coriolanus. We are satisfied that it was not Shakspeare's intention to make the low brawler against an individual argue so well with Menenius in the matter of the "kingly-crowned head," &c.

blished against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale 't a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to sob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an 't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate; did minister

* *To scale 't.* It is necessary to see how Shakspeare has used this verb in other passages. In the second act Sicius tells the citizens,

" You have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy."

Dr. Johnson explains this, "*Weighing* his past and present behaviour." In 'Measure for Measure,' when the Duke explains his project to Isabella, he says, by this is "the corrupt deputy *scaled*." Upon this passage Johnson says, "To *scale* the deputy may be to reach him, or it may be to strip him." Here he differs from his interpretation of the passage in 'Coriolanus.' But surely "the corrupt deputy" may be "*scaled*" in the same way that the bearing of Coriolanus is "*sealed*." If this interpretation be good for two of the passages, why not for a third,—that of the text before us? Menenius will venture to *scale*, to try the value, of the "pretty tale" a little more; though they may have heard it, he will again *scale* it.

Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

2 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer; What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you 'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience a while, you 'll hear the belly's answer.

2 *Cit.* You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,
"That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the storehouse, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood

Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain,
 And through the cranks and offices of man :
 The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
 From me receive that natural competency
 Whereby they live :^a And though that all at once,
 You, my good friends," (this says the belly,) mark me,—
 2 *Cit.* Ay, sir ; well, well.

Men. "Though all at once cannot
 See what I do deliver out to each,
 Yet I can make my audit up, that all
 From me do back receive the flour of all,
 And leave me but the bran." What say you to 't ?

2 *Cit.* It was an answer : How apply you this ?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
 And you the mutinous members : For examine
 Their counsels and their cares ; digest things rightly,
 Touching the weal o' the common ; you shall find,
 No public benefit, which you receive,
 But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
 And no way from yourselves.—What do you think ?
 You, the great toe of this assembly ?—

2 *Cit.* I the great toe ? Why the great toe ?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
 Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost :
 Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,

^a The usual punctuation of this passage is,—

" I send it through the rivers of your blood,
 Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain ;
 And, through the cranks and offices of man,
 The strongest nerves," &c.

The obvious meaning of the passage without any of this forced punctuation (the original uses no point but the comma) appears to us to be,—I send the general food through the rivers of your blood, to the court, the heart ; I send it to the seat of the brain, and through the cranks and offices (obscure parts) of the whole body. By this means

" The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
 From me receive that natural competency
 Whereby they live."

Lead'st first, to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale.*—Hail, noble Marcins!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious
rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

2 Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

* *Bale*—ruin. This is the only instance in which Shakspeare uses the substantive *bale*; though we have frequently *baleful*.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say!
 They 'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
 What 's done i' the Capitol: who 's like to rise,
 Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and give
 out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,^a
 And fobbing such as stand not in their liking
 Below their cobbled shoes. They say there 's grain
 enough!

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,^a
 And let me use my sword, I 'd make a quarry
 With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
 As I could pick^b my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
 For though abundantly they lack discretion,
 Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
 What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved: Hang 'em!
 They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,
 That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
 That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
 Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
 They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
 And a petition granted them, a strange one,
 (To break the heart of generosity,
 And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
 As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
 Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
 Of their own choice: One 's Junius Brutus,
 Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
 The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
 Ere so prevail'd with me; it will in time
 Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
 For insurrection's arguing.

^a Rush—pity.

^b Pick—pitch.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where 's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What 's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on 't; then we shall have means to vent

Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators;
JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

1 Sen. Marcius, 't is true that you have lately told us;

The Volces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.

I sit in envying his nobility:
And were I anything but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and
he

Upon my party, I 'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I 'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t' other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men.

O, true bred!

1 *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,

Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit.

Lead you on:

Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;

Right worthy you priority.^a

Com.

Noble Marcius!

1 *Sen.* Hence! To your homes, be gone.

[To the Citizens.]

Mar.

Nay, let them follow:

The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,

To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers,

Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[Exeunt Senators, Com., Mar., Tit., and MENEN.]

Citizens steal away.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic.

Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird^b the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown

Too proud to be so valiant.^c

Sic.

Such a nature,

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow

Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder

His insolence can brook to be commanded

Under Cominius.

^a We must here understand, worthy of priority.

^b *Gird.* This is the verb of Falstaff's noun, "Every man has a gird at me."

^c There is much dispute about the meaning of this sentence. "The present wars devour him" is clear enough, we think; the wars absorb, eat up the whole man: and then comes the explanation; he is grown too proud of his valour—of being so valiant.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first : for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, " O, if he
Had borne the business !"

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits^a rob Cominius.

Bru. Come :
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not ; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let 's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made ; and in what fashion,
More than in singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let 's along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Corioli. *The Senate-House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.

1 Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours ?
Whatever have^b been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention ? 'T is not four days gone
Since I heard thence ; these are the words : I think

^a *Demerits.* The word is used in a similar sense in 'Othello,' that of *merits*. The meaning of ill-deserving was acquired later ; for *demerit* is constantly used for *desert* by the old writers.

^b *Whatever have*—elliptically, whatever things have.

I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [Reads.
 "They have press'd a power, but it is not known
 Whether for east or west: The dearth is great;
 The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
 Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
 (Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
 And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
 These three lead on this preparation
 Whither 't is bent: most likely, 't is for you:
 Consider of it."

1 Sen. Our army 's in the field:
 We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
 To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
 To keep your great pretences veil'd till when
 They needs must show themselves; which in the
 hatching,
 It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
 We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
 To take in^a many towns, ere, almost, Rome
 Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
 Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
 Let us alone to guard Corioli:
 If they set down before us, for the remove
 Bring up your army; but, I think, you 'll find
 They 've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
 I speak from certainties. Nay, more;
 Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
 And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
 If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
 'T is sworn between us we shall ever^b strike
 Till one can do no more.

^a Take in—subdue.

^b By "ever strike" we understand, we shall continue to strike; if we adopt the modern reading of *never*, we must accept *strike* in the sense of striking a colour—yielding.

All. The gods assist you !

Auf. And keep your honours safe !

1 Sen.

Farewell.

2 Sen.

Farewell.

All. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Rome. *An Apartment in Marcius' House.*

Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA : They sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing ; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort : If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb ; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way ; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding ; I,—considering how honour would become such a person ; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if redown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him ; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam ? how then ?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son ; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely :—Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Martius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
"Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome:" His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that 's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome. *[Exit Gent.]*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He 'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,
than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I 'll swear 't is

a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammoocked it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 't is a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors?

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie! you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'T is not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in everything hereafter.

Val. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would:—Fare you well, then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Prithes, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam, indeed I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Before Corioli.*

Enter, with drums and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'T is done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work ;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends !—Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some
Senators, and others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls ?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he :
That 's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[*Alarums afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth : We 'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up : Our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes ;
They 'll open of themselves. Hark you, afar off ;

[*Other alarums.*
There is Aufidius ; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it !

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho !

The Volces enter, and pass over the stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave

Titus :

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my
fellows ;

He that retires I 'll take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarums, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting.

*The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-
enter MARCIUS.*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome !—you herd of—Boils and
plagues

Plaster you o'er ; that you may be abhorr'd
 Further than seen, and one infect another
 Against the wind a mile ! You souls of geese
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 From slaves that apes would beat ! Pluto and hell !
 All hurt behind ; backs red, and faces pale
 With flight and agued fear ! Mend, and charge *noise*,
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the foe,
 And make my wars on you ! look to 't : Come on ;
 If you 'll stand fast, we 'll beat them to their wives,
 As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another alarum. The Volces and Romans re-enter,
 and the fight is renewed. The Volces retire into
 Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope :—Now prove good seconds :
 'T is for the followers fortune widens them,
 Not for the sliers : mark me, and do the like.
[He enters the gates, and is shut in.]

1 Sol. Fool-hardiness ; not I.

2 Sol. Nor I.

3 Sol. See, they have shut him in.

[Alarum continues.]

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius ?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 Sol. Following the sliers at the very heels,
 With them he enters : who, upon the sudden,
 Clapp'd to their gates ; he is himself alone,
 To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow !

Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
 And when it bows stands up ! Thou art left, Marcius :
 A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
 Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier

Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes ; but with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1 *Sol.*

Look, sir.

Lart.

O ! 't is Marcius :

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city]

SCENE V.—*Within the Town. A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on 't ! I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm ! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up :—Down with them !—
And hark, what noise the general makes !—To him !—
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans : Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city ;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart.

Worthy sir, thou bleed'st ;

Thy exercise hath been too violent

For a second course of fight.

Mar.

Sir, praise me not :

My work hath yet not warm'd me : Fare you well.

The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me : To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee ; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords ! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page !

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest !—So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius !— [Exit MAR.
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place ;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind : Away ! [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—*Near the Camp of Cominius.*

Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends ; well fought : we are
come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire : believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends :—The Roman gods
Lead their successes as we wish our own ;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,

Enter a Messenger.

* May give you thankful sacrifice !—Thy news ?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle :
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is 't since ?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'T is not a mile ; briefly we heard their drums :

How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is 't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think :
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which
side

They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their hands in the vaward are the Antiates,
(Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing :—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country 's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, [*waving his hand*] to express his disposition,

And follow Marcius.

[They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.]

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Voices? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.—*The Gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded; keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII.—*A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volcian Camps.*

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame, and envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd; 'T is not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Volces come to the aid of AUFIDIUS.*

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.*

SCENE IX.—*The Roman Camp.*

Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at
one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side,
MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other
Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;

Where great patricians shall attend, and strut,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—“We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier!”—

Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the pursuit

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison :
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done,
As you have done: that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving: Rome must know
The value of her own: 't were a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,

Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Marcius!
Marcius! cast up their cups and lances:
COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers! Let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing, where steel grows soft
As the parasite's silk!
Let them be made an overture for the wars!^a
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or soil'd some debile wretch,
Which without note here 's many else have done,
You shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical:
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

^a We here venture to make an important change in the generally received reading of this passage. It is invariably printed thus:—

“ May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars!”

The commentators have long notes of explanation; and they leave the matter more involved than they found it. The slight change we have made gives a perfectly clear meaning. Opposed as we are to editorial licence, we hold ourselves keeping within due bounds in substituting *where* for *when*, and *them* for *him*; for there are several instances of these words having been misprinted in the original copies.

Com. Too modest are you ;
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly : by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we 'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland : in token of the which
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging ; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—
Bear the addition nobly ever !

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

Cor. I will go wash ;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no : Howbeit, I thank you :—
I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent :
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it : 't is yours.—What is 't ?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house ; he us'd me kindly :
He cried to me ; I saw him prisoner ;
But then Aufidius was within my view,

And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity : I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd !
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name ?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot !—
I am weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here ?

Com. Go we to our tent :
The blood upon your visage dries : 't is time
It should be look'd to : come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE X.—*The Camp of the Volces.*

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUVIDIUS, bloody,
with Two or Three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en !

1 Sol. 'T will be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition ?—

I would I were a Roman ; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition !
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy ? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee ; so often hast thou beat me ;
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his : Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in 't it had : for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I 'll potch at him some way ;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle : My valour's
poison'd,
With only suffering stain by him ; for him

Shall fly out of itself : nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick : nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements* all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius : where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city ;
Learn how 't is held ; and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 Sol. Will not you go ?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove
I pray you, ('t is south the city mills,) bring me word
thither

How the world goes ; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1 Sol. I shall, sir. [Exit.

* *Embarquements*—embargoes.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.**Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.*

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

Br. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Br. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Br. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Br. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well!

Men. Why, 't is no great matter: for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience:

give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks,^a and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in 't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses,) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the *ass* in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough

^a Johnson explains, "with allusion to the fable which says that every man has a bag hanging before him in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him in which he stows his own."

too? What harm can your hisson^a conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in bearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fomet-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are bearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worship; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire to the back of the scene.*]

^a *Blasen*—blinded.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee!—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two Ladies. Nay, 't is true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and I think there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw 't.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutick,^a and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for 't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On 's brows:^b Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

^a *Empiricist*. This is a word coined from empiric, and is spelt in the original "*empiricutick*."

^b Volumnia here answers the question of Menenius, "brings a (he) victory in his pocket?" without noticing the old man's observation about the "wounds."

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 't was time for him too, I 'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that 's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let 's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Vol. In troth, there 's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow!

Men. True? I 'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there 's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it 's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*a shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears: Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie; Which, being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

A Sonnet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli' gates : where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius ;
These in honour follows, Coriolanus :—

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart ;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother!

Cor. O! you have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up!
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius,
And by deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus must I call thee?
But, O thy wife!

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.
[*To VALERIA.*

Vol. I know not where to turn ;—O welcome home ;
And welcome, general :—And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes : I could weep,
And I could laugh ; I am light and heavy : Welcome :
A curse begin at very root of his heart
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three
That Rome should dote on : yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home that will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors :
 We call a nettle but a nettle ;
 And the faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours :
[To his wife and mother.]

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
 The good patricians must be visited ;
 From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
 But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have liv'd

To see inherited my very wishes,
 And the buildings of my fancy :
 Only there 's one thing wanting, which I doubt not,
 But our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
 I had rather be their servant in my way,
 Than away with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol !

[Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.]

The Tribunes remain.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
 sights
 Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prattling nurse
 Into a rapture ^a lets her baby cry,
 While she chats him ; the kitchen malkin ^b pins
 Her richest lockram ^c 'bout her reechy neck,
 Clambering the walls to eye him : Stalls, bulks, windows,
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges how'd
 With variable complexions : all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him : sold-shorn flannels
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff

^a *Rapture*—fit.

^b *Malkin*. A scarecrow, a figure of rags, is called a malkin.

^c *Lockram* was no doubt a coarse linen.

To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawdied cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phoebus' burning kisses : such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were sily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end ; but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there 's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours ;
Which that he 'll give them, make I as little question
As he is proud to do 't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless * vesture of humility ;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'T is right.

Bru. It was his word : O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'T is most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills ;
A sure destruction.

* *Napless*—threadbare.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders,
And dispropertied their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say,—suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people,—(which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't, and that 's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble;^a and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What 's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol.
'T is thought that Marcius shall be consul:
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him,
And the blind to hear him speak: Matrons flung
gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower and thunder, with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

^a *This*—this plan—is the antecedent to "will be his fire."

SCENE II.—*The same. The Capitol.*

Enter Two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 't is thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That 's a brave fellow; but he 's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see 't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waded indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted,^a without any further deed to have them at all

^a *Bonneted.* Othello says—

“ My demerits

May speak, unbasketed.”

This is clearly *without* the bonnet. But in the text before us we are told that bonneted *also* means without the bonnet. Malone says, “ They humbly took off their bonnets without any farther deed.” The context appears to us to give exactly the contrary meaning: “ His ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, *having* been supple and courteous to the people,” *put on* their bonnets “ without any further deed.”

into their estimation and report : but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury ; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him : he is a worthy man : Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places ; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces,
And to send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that hath
Thus stood for his country : Therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus ; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius :
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our state 's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears ; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty ; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather

We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That 's off, that 's off ;
I would you rather had been silent : Please you
To hear Cominius speak ?

Bru. Most willingly :
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people ;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

1 Sen. Sit, Coriolanus ; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon ;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir : yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not : But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the
sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit Cor.]

Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That 's thousand to one good one,) when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it ?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice : the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held

* That 's off—that is nothing to the matter.

That valour is the chiefest virtue,
 And most dignifies the haver : if it be,
 The man I speak of cannot in the world
 Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
 When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
 Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator, ^a
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
 When with his Amazonian chin he drove
 The bristled lips before him : he bestrid
 An o'erpress'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
 Slew three opposers : Tarquin's self he met,
 And struck him on his knee :^b in that day's feats,
 When he might act the woman in the scene,
 He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
 Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea ;
 And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
 He lurch'd^c all swords o' the garland. For this last,
 Before and in Corioli, let me say
 I cannot speak him home : He stopp'd the sliers ;
 And by his rare example made the coward
 Turn terror into sport : as weeds before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his stem : his sword (death's stamp),
 Where it did mark, it took ; from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was tim'd with dying cries : alone he enter'd
 The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
 Corioli like a planet : Now all 's his :
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense, then straight his doubled spirit
 Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,

^a On his knee—down on his knee.

^b Lurch'd. The term is, or was, used in some game of cards
 in which a complete and easy victory is called a lurch.

And to the battle came he ; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'T were a perpetual spoil : and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men.

Worthy man !

I Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

Com.

Our spoils he kick'd at ;
And look'd upon things precious as they were
The common muck o' the world ; he covets less
Than misery itself would give ; rewards
His deeds with doing them ; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men.

He's right noble ;

Let him be call'd for.

I Sen.

Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor.

I do owe them still

My life and services.

Men.

It then remains

That you do speak to the people.

Cor.

I do beseech you,

Let me o'erleap that custom ; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage : please
you

That I may pass this doing.

Sic.

Sir, the people

Must have their voices ; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men.

Put them not to 't :—

Pray you, go fit you to the custom ;

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And take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus :—
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only :—

Men. Do not stand upon 't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them ;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish.* *Then assent Senators.*]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require
them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we 'll inform them
Of our proceedings here; on the market-place
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.* *The Market-place.*

Enter several Citizens

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought
not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is
a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us
his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our
tongues into those wounds, and speak for them: so, if
he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our
noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous:

and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 't is strongly wedged up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 't would, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience' sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our

own voices with our own tongues : therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

[*Exeunt.*]

Men. O sir, you are not right : have you not known The worthiest men have done 't ?

Cor.

What must I say ?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon 't ! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace :—Look, sir ;—my wounds ;— I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

Men.

O me, the gods !

You must not speak of that : you must desire them To think upon you.

Cor.

Think upon me ? Hang 'em !

I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by them.

Men.

You'll mar all ;

I'll leave you : Pray you, speak to them, I pray you, In wholesome manner.

[*Exit.*]

Enter two Citizens.

Cor.

Bid them wash their faces, And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace. You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 Cit. We do, sir ; tell us what hath brought you to 't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 Cit. Your own desert ?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 Cit. How ! not your own desire ?

Cor. No, sir : 'T was never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

1 Cit. You must think, if we give you anything, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship ?

1 Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, sir? I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir; what say you?

2 Cit. You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir:—There is in all two worthy voices begged:—I have your alms; adieu.

1 Cit. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. An't were to give again,—But 't is no matter.
[*Exeunt two Citizens.*]

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 't is a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 Cit. We hope to find you our friend: and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.^m

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this wolfish gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouchers? Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't?
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to overpeer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens

Here come more voices.—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd: battles thrice six
I have seen and heard of; for your voices
Have done many things, some less, some more; your
voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

5 Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any
honest man's voice.

6 Cit. Therefore let him be consul: The gods give
him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul!

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BAUTUS and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the
tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice:

Remains, that, in the official marks invested,
You anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd :
The people do admit you ; and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do ; and, knowing myself
again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt CORIOL. and MENEN.*]

He has it now ; and by his looks, methinks,
'T is warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds : Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this
man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir : To my poor and worthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 't is his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He used us scornfully : he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No, no ; no man saw 'em. [*Several speak.*]

3 *Cit.* He said he had wounds, which he could show
in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
"I would be consul," says he: "aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore:" When we granted that,
Here was,—*"I thank you for your voices,—thank
you,—"*

Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your
voices,

I have no further with you:—*"was not this mockery?*

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see 't?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
He curses to yourselves? You should have said
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices,
And translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,

You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves ; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush ? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you ? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment ?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker ? and, now again,
On him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues ?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him :

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece
'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly ; and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties ; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble ;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election : Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you : besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed :
How in his suit he scorn'd you : but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay a fault on us, your tribunes, that we
labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections ; and that, your minds
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul : Lay the fault on us. *¶*

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued : and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians ; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king :
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither ;
[And Censorinus, darling of the people,]^a
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances : but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on :
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so : almost all repent in their election.

[*Several speak. Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. Let them go on ;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,

^a The line in brackets is not in the original, but was supplied by Pope. Something is clearly wanting to connect with "twice being censor;" and Plutarch tells us who was "nobly named;"—"Censorinus also came of that family, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice."

Than stay, past doubt, for greater :
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic.

To the Capitol !

Come ; we 'll be there before the stream o' the people ;
And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safeguard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home. [*To LART.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,

The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1 Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call 't not a plot:

The people cry you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them aithence?*

Bru. How! I inform them

* *Sithence*—since.

Com. You are like to do such business.*

Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir: If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let 's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd,—set on.^b—This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again;—
Men. Not now, not now.

1 Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will,—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:
For the mutable, rank-scented many,
Let them regard me as I do not flatter,
And therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle* of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scat-
ter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

* This interposition of Cominius is according to the old copy.

^b Set on—stirred up.

* Cockle—a weed amongst the corn.

1 Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more!

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people as if you were a god
To punish; not a man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'T were well we let the people know 't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 't would be my mind!

Sic. It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'T was from the canon.

Cor. *Shall!*

O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not spirit
To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail^a your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;

^a Fall—bow down.

And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
 His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
 Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
 It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel to give forth
 The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 't was used
 Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute
 power,

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
 The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why shall the people give
 One that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I 'll give my reasons,
 More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
 Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd
 They ne'er did service for 't: Being press'd to the war,
 Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
 They would not thread the gates: this kind of service
 Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
 Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
 Which they have often made against the senate,
 All cause unborn, could never be the native
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
 How shall this bosom multiplied digest
 The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
 What's like to be their words:—"We did request it;
 We are the greater poll, and in true fear
 They gave us our demands:"—Thus we debase
 The nature of our seats, and make the rabble

Call our cares, fears : which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the senate, and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more :

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal !—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason ; where gentry, title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness : purpose so barr'd, it follows
Nothing is done to purpose : Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet ;
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on 't ; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump* a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison : your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it ;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch ! despite o'erwhelm thee !—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes ?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench : In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen ; in a better hour,

* Jump—in the sense of risk.

Let what is meet be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The *Ædiles*, ho!—let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Erit BRUTUS*] in whose
name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. and Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments!

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

*Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a rabble of
Citizens.*

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would take from you all your
power.

Bru. Seize him, *Ædiles*!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*Several speak.*]

2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what, ho!

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near: I cannot speak:—You, tribunes
To the people.—*Coriolanus*, patience:—
Speak, good *Sicinius*.

Sic. Hear me, people:—Peace!

Cit. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace! Speak, speak,
speak!

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties :
 Marcius would have all from you ; Marcius,
 Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie !

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city but the people ?

Cit. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
 The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Com. That is the way to lay the city flat ;
 To bring the roof to the foundation ;
 And bury all which yet distinctly ranges,
 In heaps and piles of ruin.*

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
 Or let us lose it :—We do here pronounce,
 Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
 We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
 Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him ;

* We give this speech, as in the original, to the calm and reverend Cominius. Coriolanus is standing apart, in proud and sullen rage ; and yet the modern editors put these four lines in his mouth, as if it was any part of his character to argue with the people about the prudence of their conduct. The editors continue this change in the persons to whom the speeches are assigned, without the slightest regard, as it appears to us, to the exquisite characterisation of the poet. Amidst all this tumult the first words which Coriolanus utters, according to the original copy, are, " No, I'll die here." He again continues silent ; but the modern editors must have him talking : and so they put in his mouth the calculating sentence, " We have as many friends as enemies," and the equally characteristic talking of Menenius—" I would they were barbarians." We have left all these passages precisely as they are in the original.

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. *Ædiles, seize him!*

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word,

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædi. Peace, peace!

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*]
There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword!—Tribunes, withdraw
a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcius; help,
You that be noble: help him, young and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles,
and the people are beat in.*]

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away;
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 Sen. The gods forbid!
I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 't is a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Begone, beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Men. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are
not,

Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol.)—Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself take up a brace of the best of
them; yea, the two tribunes.

Com. But now 't is odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.*]

1 Pat. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his
mouth:

What his breast forges that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within*
Here's goodly work!

2 Pat. I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tyber!—What, the
vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

Sic.

Where is this viper,

That would depopulate the city, ●
And be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpelan rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

Cit. He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on 't.

[Several speak together.]

Men.

Sir, sir,—

Sic.

Peace!

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes 't, that you have help
To make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak :—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults :—

Sic. Consul !—what consul ?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru.

He consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no!

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good
people,

I may be heard, I would crave a word of two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;

For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor : to eject him hence
Were but one danger; and to keep him here
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He 's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he 's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that 's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which I dare vouch is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country;
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do 't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.^a

Bru. Merely awry: When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot,
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was—^b

Bru. We 'll hear no more:—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?

^a We take this to mean, nothing to the purpose.

^b The speech of Menenius is interrupted. He would ask whether it were just not to respect the "service" of the "gangrened foot."

Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?
Our *Ædiles* smote ! ourselves resisted !—Come :—

Men. Consider this ;—he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language ; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him in peace,
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace,) to his utmost peril.

1 Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way : the other course
Will prove too bloody ; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer :—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place :—We'll attend you
there :
Where, if you bring not *Marcus*, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you :—
Let me desire your company. He must come,
[To the Senators.]

Or what is worse will follow.

1 Sen. Pray you, let's to him.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears ; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

I Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war. I talk of you;

[*To VOLUMNIA.*
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough:

You must return, and mend it.

I Sen. There 's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman!
 Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
 The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
 For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
 Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well,
 What then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
 Must I then do 't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
 Though therein you can never be too noble,
 But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
 Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
 I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
 In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
 That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
 The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
 You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
 That it shall hold companionship in peace
 With honour, as in war; since that to both
 It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
 To the people; not by your own instruction,
 Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
 But with such words that are but rotes in
 Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
 Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
 Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
 Than to take in a town with gentle words,
 Which else would put you to your fortune, and

The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd
I should do so in honour : I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles ;
And you will rather show our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men.

Noble lady !

Come, go with us ; speak fair : you may salve us,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol.

I prithee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand ;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,) Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant More learned than the ears,) waving thy head, Which often,—thus,—correcting thy stout heart,* Now humble, as the ripest mulberry That will not hold the handling : Or, say to them, Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils, Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess, Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim, In asking their good loves ; but thou wilt frame Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far As thou hast power and person.

Men.

This but done,

Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours ;

* This passage has been a stumbling-block to the commentators ; and they want to know how the waving the head corrects the stout heart. They have forgotten the maxim which Volturnus has just uttered, " Action is eloquence." She is explaining her meaning by her action :—waving thy head, which often wave—thus—(and she then waves her head several times). She adds, " correcting thy stout heart," by " humble as the ripest mulberry."

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Prithee now
Go, and be rul'd : although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is *Cominius*.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place : and, sir,
't is fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence ; all 's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 't will serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will :—
Prithee now say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce?
Must I,

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do 't :
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place :—
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we 'll prompt you.

Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do 't :
Away my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit ! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an emuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep ! The smiles of knaves

Tent in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do 't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*]

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm
yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. The Market-place.**Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiaten,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 't is ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say "It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons," be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry "fine;" if death, cry "death;"
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.

Bru. Go about it.— [*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler straight : He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction : Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance : then he speaks
What's in his heart : and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators,
and Patricians.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men ! plant love among us !
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war !

1 Sen. Amen, amen !

Men A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes ; audience : Peace, I say !

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho !

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present ;
Must all determine here ?

Sic I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you ?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content :
The warlike service he has done, consider ;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier : Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again ?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then : 't is true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to
take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical ;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How ! Traitor ?

Men. Nay ; temperately : Your promise

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell, fold in the people !
Call me their traitor !—Thou injurious tribune !
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest ; unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark your this, people ?

Cit. To the rock ; to the rock with him !

Sic. Peace !

We need not put new matter to his charge :
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him ; even this,

So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Br. But since he hath serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What! do you prate of service?

Br. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it: In the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates; I' the people's name,
I say it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so: It shall be so; let him away:
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends;—

Sic. He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can show, from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,

More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd.
As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcases of unburi'd men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)
Making not reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes,) deliver you,
As most abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back.
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.*]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite:
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let's see him out at gates; come:—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—*Come.* [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before a Gate of the City.**Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.**Cor.* Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—the
beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were used to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!*Cor.* Nay, I prithee, woman,—*Vol.* Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!*Cor.* What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu!—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld

Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
 'T is foud to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 't is to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well
 My hazards still have been your solace: and
 Believe 't not lightly, (though I go alone,
 Like to a lovely dragon, that his fen^a
 Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen,) your son
 Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
 With cantelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first^b son,
 Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
 With thee a while: Determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposure to each chance
 That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us,
 And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
 A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
 O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
 And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
 I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:—
 Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
 Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
 That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.—
 Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
 My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
 While I remain above the ground, you shall
 Hear from me still; and never of me aught
 But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
 As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—

The *fen* is the pestilential abode of the "lonely dragon,"
 which he makes "feared and talked of more than seen."

^a First—in the sense of noblest.

If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot!

Cor. Give me thy hand.
Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SIGINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no
further.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.
[*Exit Ædile.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o' the
gods

Requits your love!

Men. Peace, peace! be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?
[*To BRUTUS.*]

Vir. You shall stay too: [*To SiciN.*] I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?*

Vol. Ay, fool: Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou friendship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet go:—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then!

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace!

Sic. I would he had continued to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had! 'T was you incens'd the
rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this;
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,

* *Mankind*, Siciuius asks insultingly whether Volturnus is mankind—a woman with the roughness of a man?

(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Br. Well, well, we 'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You 'll sup with
me?

Vol. Anger 's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let 's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Highway between Rome and
Antium.*

Enter a Roman and a Volce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your
name, I think, is Adrian.

Volc. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you
are, against them: Know you me yet?

Volc. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Volc. You had more beard when I last saw you, but
your favour is well appeared * by your tongue. What 's
the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian
state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a
day's journey.

* *Well appeared—regarded apparent.*

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vok. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blase of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vok. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vok. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vok. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vok. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment,* and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

* In the entertainment—under engagement for pay.

Volo. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Antium. *Before Aufidius's House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium : City,
T is I that made thy widows : many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop : then know me not ;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies : Is he in Antium ?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you ?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir ; farewell.
[Exit Citizen.]

O, world, thy slippery turns ! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who, twin, as 't were, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity : So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me :—
My birthplace hate I, and my love 's upon

This enemy town.—I'll enter : if he slay me,
He does fair justice ; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—*The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.*

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine ! What service is here !
I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.]

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus ? my master calls for him.
Cotus ! [Exit.]

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house : The feast smells well : but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend ? Whence are
you ? Here's no place for you : Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir ? Has the porter his
eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such com-
panions ? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away !

2 *Serv.* Away ? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave ? I'll have you talked
with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this ?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on : I cannot
get him out o' the house : Prithas call my master to
him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go! and batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*]

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall.

[*Exit.*]

3 *Serv.* Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy?

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 't is an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress: Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence! [*Beats him away.*]

Enter AUVIDIUS and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? Thy name? Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [*unmuffling*] not yet thou know'st

me, and, seeing me, dost not think me for the man I am, necessity commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [*Servants retire.*]

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcian's ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak* in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,

* *Wreak*—revenge.

That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under friends.^a But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf.

O Marcius, Marcius!

Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things,
And say, "T is true," I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius.—Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out^b
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me:

^a Under friends—friends below.

^b Out—complete.

We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
 Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'erbeat. O, come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
 The leading of thine own revenges, take
 The one half of my commission; and set down,—
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
 Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways;
 Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
 Let me commend thee first to those that shall
 Say, Yea, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
 And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
 Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most wel-
 come!

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here 's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken
 him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his
 clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned me about
 with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a
 top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-
 thing in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—
 I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking as it were,—'Would I were hanged but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals!

1 & 2 *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1 & 2 *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he

were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut off the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He 'll go, he says, and sowle^a the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow all down before him, and leave his passage polled.^b

2 Serv. And he 's as like to do 't as any man I can imagine.

3 Serv. Do 't? he will do 't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir) show themselves (as we term it) his friends whilst he 's in directitude.^c

1 Serv. Directitude! what 's that?

3 Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 Serv. But when goes this forward?

3 Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 't is, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 Serv. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it 's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy;

^a Sowle—a provincial word for pull out.

^b Polled—cleared.

^c Directitude. Malone would read *discredit*. He thinks the servant was not meant to talk absolute nonsense. Why then does the other servant ask the meaning of the fine word?

mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'T is so; and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him; His remedies are tame i' the present peace And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Blush that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by 't, beheld Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'T is he, 't is he: O, he is grown most kind of late. Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much missed but with his friends; the commonwealth doth stand; and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if he could have temporised.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

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Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'T is Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world,
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be
The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot he!
We have record that very well it can:
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this:
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is coming
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'T is this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes;—his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't.

Men. This is unlikely :
He and Aufidius can no more alone,^a
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mass. You are sent for to the senate ;
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories ; and have already,
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work !

Men. What news ? what news ?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters,
and

To melt the city leads upon your pates ;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses ;—

Men. What 's the news ? what 's the news ?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement ; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news ?—

You have made fair work, I fear me :—Pray, your
news ?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,—

Com. If!

He is their god ; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better : and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence

^a Alone—be reconciled—at one.

Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He 'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit:
You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and, who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'T is true
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease."—You have made fair
hands,

You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but like
beasts,

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did boot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear,
They 'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting
At Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip; as many cockcombs
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'T is no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said 't was pity.

2 Cit. And so did I.

3 Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
very many of us; That we did we did for the best; and
though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it
was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall we to the
Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exeunt Com. and Men.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd.
These are a side that would be glad to have

This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let 's
home. I ever said we were i' the wrong when we
banished him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let 's home.
[*Exeunt* Citizens.]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol :—'Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Camp; at a small distance from
Rome.*

Enter *AUFIDIUS* *and his Lieutenant.*

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft 's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that 's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either had borne
The action of yourself, or else to him
Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not

What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Licu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry
Rome?

Ans. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 't was pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding
peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler,^a strength by strength do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*

^a *Fouler.* We may understand the meaning of the expression if we substitute the opposite epithet, *fairer*. As it is, the lesser rights drive out the greater—the fairer rights fall through the *fouler*.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MARCELIUS, COMINIUS, SIGINIUS, BRUTUS, and others.

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;
A mile before his tent fall down and knee^a
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

Com. I minded him how royal 't was to pardon
When it was less expected: He replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

^a *Knee.* So the original. Shakspeare uses *knee* as a verb in
"Lear:—

"To *knee* his throne."

Men. Very well ;
Could he say less ?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends ; His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff : He said, 't was folly
For one poor grain or two to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two ?
I am one of those ; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains :
You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt
Above the moon : We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray be patient : If you refuse your aid
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No ; I 'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do ?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius return me,
As Cominius is return'd, unheard ; what then ?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness ? Say 't be so ?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I 'll undertake it :
I think he 'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well : he had not din'd :
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then

We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood,
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch
him

Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.]

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 't would burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'T was very faintly he said, "Rise;" dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,
He sent in writing after me,—what he would not;
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:^a
So that all hope is vain,
Unless^b his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let 's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [Exeunt.]

^a Coriolanus sends "in writing" both "what he would do" and "what he would not;" and, in justification of the harshness of his demands, he adds that he is "bound with an oath to yield to his conditions,"—that is, to make his sole law the "conditions" in which he had become placed—his duty to the Volcians;—to yield himself up entirely to the guidance of those "conditions."

^b Unless is here used in the sense of except.

SCENE II.—*An advanced Post of the Volcian Camp before Rome. The Guard at their stations.*

Enter to them MENENIUS.

1 G. Stay : Whence are you ?

2 G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men ; 't is well : But by your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come

To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence ?

Men. From Rome.

1 G. You may not pass, you must return : our general

Will no more hear from thence.

2 G. You 'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You 'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots^a to blanks
My name hath touch'd your ears : it is Menenius.

1 G. Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover : I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified ;
For I have ever verified my friends
(Of whom he 's chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw ; and in his praise

^a Lots are the whole number of tickets in a lottery ; Blanks
a proportion of the whole number.

Have almost stamp'd the leasing : therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 *G.* Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here ; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell ? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you ?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be ? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this ? No, you are deceived : therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution : you are condemned ; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say ; go, lest I let forth your half-pint of blood ;—back,—that's the utmost of your having ;—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What 's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what 's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here 's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs: and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs are servanted to others: Though I owe my revenge properly, my remission lies in Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather Than pity hote how much.—Therefore, be gone. Mine ears against your suits are stronger than Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee, Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[Gives a letter.]

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *G.* 'T is a spell, you see, of much power: You know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent^a for keeping your greatness back?

2 *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away!

[*Exit.*]

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The tent of Coriolanus.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow Set down our host.—My partner in this action, You must report to the Volcian lords how plainly I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends You have respected; stopp'd your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Lov'd me above the measure of a father;

^a *Shent*—rebuked.

Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
 Was to send him; for whose old love I have
 (Though I show'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
 The first conditions which they did refuse,
 And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
 That thought he could do more; a very little
 I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,
 Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
 Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
 In the same time 't is made? I will not.—

*Enter VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS,
 VALERIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
 Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
 The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!
 All bond and privilege of nature break!
 Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—
 What is that curtsy worth! or those doves' eyes,
 Which can make gods forsworn!—I melt, and am not
 Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
 As if Olympus to a molehill should
 In supplication nod: and my young boy
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which
 Great nature cries, "Deny not."—Let the Voices
 Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
 As if a man were author of himself,
 And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd
 Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,

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1

I have forgot my part, and I am out,
 Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
 Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say,
 For that, "Forgive our Romans."—O, a kiss
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !
 Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
 I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods ! I prate,
 And the most noble mother of the world
 Leave unsaluted : Sink, my knee, i' the earth ; [*Kneels.*
 Of thy deep duty more impression show
 Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd !
 Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
 I kneel before thee ; and unproperly
 Show duty, as mistaken all this while
 Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this ? [*Kneels.*
 Your knees to me ? to your corrected son ?
 Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
 Fillip the stars ; then let the mutinous winds
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun ;
 Murd'ring impossibility, to make
 What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior ;
 I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady ?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
 The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle,
 That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
 And hangs on Dian's temple : Dear Valeria !

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
 Which by the interpretation of full time
 May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
 With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
 Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou mayst prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace :
Or, if you 'd ask, remember this before,—
The things I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics :—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural : Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more !
You have said you will not grant us anything ;
For we have nothing else to ask but that
Which you deny already : Yet we will ask ;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness ; therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark ; for we 'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request ?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with com-
forts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity 's most capital : thou barr'st us

Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy : For how can we,
Alas ! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound ? together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win : for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine :^a if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread
(Trust to 't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. A shall not tread on me ;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.

I have sat too long. [*Rising.*]

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour : No ; our suit
Is that you reconcile them : while the Volces

^a *Determine*—come to an end.

May say, "This mercy we have show'd;" the Romans,
"This we receiv'd;" and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—"The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd." Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies! let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down: An end:
This is the last:—So we will home to Rome,

And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us :
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny 't.—Come, let us go :
 This fellow had a Volcian to his mother ;
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child
 Like him by chance :—Yet give us our despatch :
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor.

O mother, mother !

[*Holding VOLUMNIA by the hands, silent.*

What have you done ? Behold the heavens do open,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! O !
 You have won a happy victory to Rome :
 But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come ;—
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
 Were you in my stead, would you have heard
 A mother less ? or granted less, Aufidius ?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor.

I dare be sworn you were :

And, sir, it is no little thing to make
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
 What peace you'll make, advise me : for my part,
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you ; and pray you,
 Stand to me in this cause.—O mother ! wife !

Auf. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy
 honour

At difference in thee : out of that I'll work
 Myself a former fortune.

[*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

Cor.

Ay, by and by ; [To VOL., VIR., &c.

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol; yond'
corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with
your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome,
especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I
say there is no hope in 't; our throats are sentenced,
and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is 't possible that so short a time can alter the
condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a
butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Mar-
cius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's
more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his
mother now than an eight-year old horse. The tartness
of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves
like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his tread-
ing. He is able to pierce a corset with his eye; talks
like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his
state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids
be done is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing
of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him we respected not them: and he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you 'd save your life, fly to your house; The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They 'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic.

What 's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news:—the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volcians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic.

Friend,

Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!

[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*

Men. This is good news :
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full ; of tribunes such as you
A sea and land full : You have pray'd well to-day ;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I 'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy !

[*Shouting and music.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for their tidings : next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city ?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [Going.

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians,
and People. They pass over the Stage.*

1 Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome :
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires ; strew flowers before them :
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother ;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome !—

All. Welcome, ladies, welcome !

[*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Antium. *A public Place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city I am here :
Deliver them this paper : having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place ; where I,

Even in theirs and in the common ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants*]

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome!

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain whilst
'Twixt you there 's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I paw'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;

Made him joint-servant with me ; gave him way
In all his own desires ; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men ; serv'd his designments
In mine own person ; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his ; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong : till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner ; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 Con. So he did, my lord :
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome ; and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory,—

Auf. There was it ;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action : Therefore shall he die,
And I 'll renew me in his fall. But, hark !

*[Drums and trumpets sound, with great
shouts of the people.]*

1 Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home ; but he returns
Splitting the air with noise.

2 Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.

3 Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more ;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it;
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 Lord. And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge; making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches; you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colours; a crowd
of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiatas,
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf.

Ay, traitor, *Marcus*.

Cor.

Marcus!

Auf. Ay, *Marcus*, Cains *Marcus*: Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in *Corioli*?

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city *Rome*
(I say your city) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at others.

Cor.

Hear'st thou, *Mars*?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor.

Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 't is the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him, that must bear
My beating to his grave) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1 *Lord.*

Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your *Volcians* in *Corioli*:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf.

Why, noble lords,

Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for 't. [*Several speak at once.*

Cit. [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces,
do it presently. He killed my son;—my daughter;—
He killed my cousin Marcus;—He killed my father.—

3 Lord. Peace, ho!—no outrage;—peace!

The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious^a bearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[*AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill
CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands
on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus,—

3 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will
weep

3 Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body,

^a *Judicious—judicial.*

And mourn you for him : let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let 's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up :—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers ; I 'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully :
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS.*
A dead march sounded.

END OF CORIOLANUS.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

'THE Tragedie of Anthonie and Cleopatra' was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. The play is not divided into acts and scenes in the original; but the stage-directions, like those of the other Roman plays, are very full. The text is, upon the whole, remarkably accurate; although the metrical arrangement is, in a few instances, obviously defective.

The Life of Antonius, in North's 'Plutarch,' has been followed by Shakspeare with very remarkable fidelity; and there is scarcely an incident which belongs to this period of Antony's career which the poet has not engrafted upon his wonderful performance. The poetical power, subjecting the historical minuteness to an all-pervading harmony, is one of the most remarkable efforts of Shakspeare's genius.

"Of all Shakspeare's historical plays," says Coleridge, "Antony and Cleopatra is by far the most wonderful." He again says, assigning it a place even higher than that of being the most wonderful of the *historical* plays, "The highest praise, or rather form of praise, of this play, which I can offer, in my own mind, is the doubt

which the perusal always occasions in me, whether the Antony and Cleopatra is not, in all exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigour of maturity, a formidable rival of Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet, and Othello." The epithet "wonderful" is unquestionably the right one to apply to this drama. It is too vast, too gorgeous, to be approached without some prostration of the understanding. It pours such a flood of noonday splendour upon our senses, that we cannot gaze upon it steadily. We have read it again and again; and the impression which it leaves again and again is that of wonder.

The ANTONY of this play is of course the Antony of Julius Cæsar;—not merely the historical Antony, but the dramatic Antony, drawn by the same hand. He is the orator that showed dead Cæsar's mantle to the Roman people; he is the soldier that after his triumph over Brutus said, "This was a man." We have seen something of his character; we have learnt a little of his voluptuousness; we have heard of the "masker and the reveller;" we have beheld the unscrupulous politician. But we cannot think meanly of him. He is one great, either for good or for evil. Since he fought at Philippi he has passed through various fortunes. Cæsar thus apostrophises him:—

"When thou once

Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did Famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer."

There came an after-time when, at Alexandria,

" Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of ' No ' woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast ;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart."

This is the Antony that Shakspeare, in the play before us, brings upon the scene.

Upton has a curious theory, which would partly make Shakspeare to belong to the French school. The hero of this play, according to this theory, does not speak " the language of the people." Upton says—" Mark Antony, as Plutarch informs us, affected the Asiatic manner of speaking, which much resembled his own temper, being ambitious, unequal, and very rhodomontade. * * * * This style our poet has very artfully and learnedly interspersed in Antony's speeches."* Unquestionably the language of Antony is more elevated than that of Enobarbus, for example. Antony was of the poetical temperament—a man of high genius—an orator, who could move the passions dramatically—a lover, that knew no limits to his devotion because he loved imaginatively. When sorrow falls upon him, the poetical parts of his character are more and more developed ; we forget the sensualist. But even before the touch of grief has somewhat exalted his nature, he takes the poetical view of poetical things. What can be more exquisite than his mention of Octavia's weeping at the parting with her brother ?—

" The April 's in her eyes : it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on."

* ' Critical Observations,' p. 100.

And, higher still :—

“ Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines.”

This, we think, is not “ the Asiatic manner of speaking.”

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY, *a triumvir.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6;
sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 9; sc. 11. Act IV.
sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 10; sc. 12; sc. 13.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, *a triumvir.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7.
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 6; sc. 8; sc. 10. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6;
sc. 10. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, *a triumvir.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.
Act III. sc. 2.

SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 7.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, *a friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2;
sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 6; sc. 9.

VENTIDIUS, *a friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.

EROS, *a friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 5; sc. 9. Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7;
sc. 12.

SCÆRUS, *a friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 10.

DERCETAS, *a friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 12. Act V. sc. 1.

DEMETRIUS, *a friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

PHILO, *a friend of Antony.* *†*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

MEOENAS, *a friend of Cæsar.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 6.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

AGRIPPA, *a friend of Cæsar.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 6.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6, sc. 7. Act V. sc. 1.*

DOLABELLA, *a friend of Cæsar.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 10. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

PROCULEIUS, *a friend of Cæsar.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

THYREUS, *a friend of Cæsar.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 10; sc. 11.

GALLUS, *a friend of Cæsar.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

MENAS, *a friend of Pompey.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 7.

MENEKRATES, *a friend of Pompey.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

VARRIUS, *a friend of Pompey.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

TAURUS, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 8.

CANIDIUS, *lieutenant-general to Antony.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 7; sc. 8.

SILIUS, *an officer in Ventidius's army.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

EUPHONIUS, *an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 10; sc. 11.

ALEXAS, *an attendant on Cleopatra.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 2.*

MARDIAN, *an attendant on Cleopatra.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 11; sc. 12.

SELEUCUS, *an attendant on Cleopatra.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

DIOMEDES, *an attendant on Cleopatra.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 12; sc. 13.

A Soothsayer.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 3.

A Clown.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act III.
sc. 3; sc. 7; sc. 9; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 10;
sc. 11; sc. 13. Act V. sc. 2.*

OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6.

CHARMIAN, *an attendant on Cleopatra.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act III.
sc. 3; sc. 9; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 11; sc. 13.
Act V. sc. 2.*

IRAS, *an attendant on Cleopatra.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act III.
sc. 3; sc. 9; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 11; sc. 13. Act V.
sc. 2.*

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, *reneagues*^a all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come!

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with
their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple^b pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

^a *Reneagues*—renounces. This is usually spelt *reneges*. The orthography we have adopted gives us the proper pronunciation, as in *league*.

^b *Triple* is here used in the sense of third, or one of three. So in 'All's Well that Ends Well' we have a *triple eye* for a third eye. We are not aware that any other author uses *triple* otherwise than in the ordinary sense of three-fold.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome—

Ant. Grates me :^a—The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony :

Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; Or, who knows

If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent

His powerful mandate to you, " Do this, or this ;

Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;

Perform 't, or else we damn thee."

Ant. How, my love !

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,

You must not stay here longer, your dismission

Is come from Caesar ; therefore hear it, Antony.—

Where's Fulvia's process ?^b Caesar's, I would say.—

Both.—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,

Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine

Is Caesar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame

When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt ! and the wide arch

Of the rang'd empire^c fall ! Here is my space.

Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike

Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life

Is, to do thus ; when such a mutual pair,

And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,

^a *Grates me*—offends me ; is grating to me.

^b *Process*—summons.

^c *Rang'd empire*. Capell properly explains this—" Orderly ranged—whose parts are now entire and distinct, like a number of well-built edifices."

On pain of punishment, the world to weet^a
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood !
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?—
I 'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony
Will be himself—

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.^b—
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let 's not confound the time with conference harsh :
There 's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now : What sport to-night ?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen !
Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !
No messenger ; but thine and all alone,
To-night we 'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;
Last night you did desire it :—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEOP., with their Train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius pris'd so alight ?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I 'm full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome : But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy ! [*Exeunt.*]

^a To weet—to know.

^b Antony accepts Cleopatra's belief of what he will be. He will be himself ; but still under the influence of Cleopatra ; and to show what that influence is, he continues, " Now, for the love of Love," &c.

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change^a his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more believing than belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my mistress.

^a *Change*—vary, give a different appearance to.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike my children shall have no names: Prithce, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We 'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithce, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worse thoughts heavens mend! *Alexas,*—come, his fortune, his fortune!—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing

to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they 'd do 't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—*Enobarbus*,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's
Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with 'em.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS,*
CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.]

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On :
Things that are past are done with me.—'T is thus :
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus
(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended^a Asia from Euphrates ;
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia ;
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue ;
Name Cleopatra as she 's call'd in Rome :
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase ; and taunt my faults
With such full licence as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick winds lie still ; and our ills told us,
Is as our earring.^b Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [Exit.

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

^a *Extended*—*enlarged* upon. Nearly all Shakspeare's contemporaries make the second syllable of Euphrates short.

^b Maloë proposes to read *minds* instead of *winds*. Before we adopt a new reading we must be satisfied that the old one is corrupt. When do we "bring forth weeds?" In a heavy and moist season, when there are no "quick winds" to mellow the earth, to dry up the exuberant moisture, to fit it for the plough. The quick winds, then, are the voices which bring us true reports to put an end to our inaction. When these winds lie still we bring forth weeds. But the metaphor is carried farther: the winds have rendered the soil fit for the plough; but the knowledge of our own faults—ills—is as the ploughing itself—the "earring."

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 *Mess.* In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*]

Ant. Forbear me.—

[*Exit Messenger.*]

There 's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she 's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ill I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! *Enobarbus!*

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What 's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how
mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our
departure, death 's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die:
It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though,
between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed
nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this,
dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon
far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death,

which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented; this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience to the queen, And get her love to part. For not alone

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
 Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
 Of many our contriving friends in Rome
 Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
 Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
 The empire of the sea: our slippery people,
 (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
 Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
 Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
 Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
 The sides o' the world may danger: Much is breeding,
 Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do 't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he
 does:—

I did not send you:—If you find him sad,
 Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
 That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[*Exit ALEX.*]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
 You do not hold the method to enforce
 The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in no-
 thing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

Chor. Tempt him not so too far : I wish, forbear ;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall ;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What 's the matter ?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there 's some good
news.

What says the married woman ?—You may go ;
'Would she had never given you leave to come !
Let her not say 't is I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you ; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd ! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine, and
true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia ? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing !

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go : when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words : No going then ;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes ;
Bliss in our brows' hair ; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven : They are so still,

Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe^a my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She 's dead, my queen:

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils^b she awak'd; at the last, best;
See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: By the fire

^a *Safe*—render safe.

^b *Garboils*—disorders, commotions.

That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: * Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You 'll heat my blood: no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I 'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that 's not it;
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there 's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'T is sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming's kill me, when they do not

* *Egypt*—the queen of Egypt.

Eye well to you : Your honour calls you hence ;
 Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
 And all the gods go with you ! Upon your sword
 Sit laurel^a victory, and smooth success
 Be strew'd before your feet !

Ant. Let us go. Come :
 Our separation so abides, and flies,
 That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
 And I, hence fleeing, here remain with thee.
 Away ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in Caesar's House.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
 It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
 One great competitor : from Alexandria
 This is the news : He fishes, drinks, and wastes
 The lamps of night in revel : is not more manlike
 Than Cleopatra ; nor the queen of Ptolemy
 More womanly than he : hardly gave audience,
 Or vouchsaf'd to think he had partners : You shall
 find there

A man who is the abstract of all faults
 That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
 Evils enow to darken all his goodness :
 His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
 More fiery by night's blackness ; hereditary,
 Rather than purchas'd ; what he cannot change,
 Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent : Let 's grant it is not
 Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy ;

^a *Laurel.* The use of the substantive adjectively was a peculiarity of the poetry of Shakspeare's time, which has been revived with advantage in our own day.

To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat; say, this becomes
him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils,* when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for 't: but, to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'t is to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here 's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd, until he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes fear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,

* Soils—defilements, taints.

Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
 Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound
 With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
 They make in Italy; the borders maritime
 Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt:
 No vessel can peep forth but 't is as soon
 Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
 Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
 Leave thy lascivious vassals.^a When thou once
 Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
 Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more
 Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
 The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
 Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did
 deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
 It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
 Which some did die to look on: And all this
 (It wounds thine honour that I speak it now)
 Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
 So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'T is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
 Drive him to Rome: 'T is time we twain

^a *Vassals*. The spelling of the original is *vassalls*. The modern reading is *vassals*. Now, in three other passages of the original, where the old English word *vassal* is used, it is spelt *vassals*. *Vassal* is employed by Shakspeare in the strict meaning of drunken revelry; and that could scarcely be called "lascivious." On the contrary, "leave thy lascivious *vassals*" expresses Cæsar's contempt for Cleopatra and her minions, who were strictly the vassals of Antony, the queen being one of his tributaries.

Did show ourselves i' the field ; and, to that end,
 Assemble me immediate council : Pompey
 Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know
meantime

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha!—

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam ?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 't is treason!

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch ! Mardian !

Mar. What 's your highness' pleasure ?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet I have fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars

Cleo.

O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet* of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"
For so he calls me: Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl:—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, "The firm Roman to great Egypt sends

* *Burgonet*—helmet.

This treasure of an oyster ; at whose foot,
 To mend the petty present, I will piece
 Her opulent throne with kingdoms : All the east,"
 Say thou, " shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
 And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt^a steed,
 Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
 Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry ?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the
 extremes

Of hot and cold : he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition !—Note him,
 Note him, good Charmian, 't is the man ; but note
 him :

He was not sad ; for he would shine on those
 That make their looks by his : he was not merry ;
 Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
 In Egypt with his joy : but between both :
O heavenly mingle!—Beest thou sad, or merry,
 The violence of either thee becomes ;

So does it no man else.—Mett'st thou my posts ?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers :
 Why do you send so thick ?

Cleo. Who 's born that day
 When I forget to send to Antony,
 Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
 Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
 Ever love Cæsar so ?

Char. O that brave Cæsar !

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis !
 Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar !

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
 If thou with Cæsar paragon again
 My man of men !

^a *Arm-gaunt*, of which we have no other example, conveys
 the notion of a steed fierce and terrible in armour.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days ;
When I was green in judgment :—Cold in blood,
To say as I said then !—But come, away :
Get me ink and paper : he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I 'll unpeople Egypt. *[Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENEGRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My power's a crescent,* and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field ; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this ? 't is false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams ; I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony : But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wai'd lip !
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !

* The original has " My powers are crescent." The use of it
in the next line shows that *crescent* is a substantive.

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts;
 Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks
 Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
 That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
 Even till a Lethe'd dulness.—How now, Varrius?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
 Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
 Expected; since he went from Egypt, 't is
 A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
 A better ear.—Menas, I did not think
 This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
 For such a petty war: his soldiership
 Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
 The higher our opinion, that our stirring
 Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
 The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope^a
 Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
 His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
 His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
 Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
 How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
 Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
 'T were pregnant they should square between them-
 selves;

For they have entertained cause enough
 To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
 May cement their divisions, and bind up
 The petty difference, we yet not know.
 Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
 Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
 Come, Menas.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a *Hope* is here used in the sense of *expect*.

SCENE II.—Rome. *A Room in the House of Lepidus.**Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.*

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day!

Lep. 'T is not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MÆCENAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose^a well here, to Parthia:
Hark, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know, Mæcenas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,

^a *Compose*—agree, come to agreement.

(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. *T* is spoken well :
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.

Cæs. Nay, then.

Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so ;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended ; and with you
Chiefly i' the world : more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you ?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt : Yet if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd ?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me ; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business ; my brother
never
Did urge me in his act : I did inquire it ;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours ;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,

Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have to make it with,^a
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself by laying defects of judgment to me; but you patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;

I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must
But say I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

^a The meaning appears to us—if you 'll patch a quarrel so as to seem the whole matter you have to make it with, you must not patch it with this complaint. *Whole* is opposed to *patch*.

Ces. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar,
The article of my oath,—

Ces. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'T is noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to stone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mæcenæus.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the in-
stant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pom-
pey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in
when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone.*

Ces. I do not much dislike the matter, but

* Th's is most probably an allusion to the o'd saying, "as
silent as a stone."

The manner of his speech : for it cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa ;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.^a

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men ;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing : truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke :
For 't is a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak ?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, " Agrippa, be it so,"
To make this good ?

^a *Of rashness*—on account of rashness.

Ces. The power of Caesar,
And his power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Ces. There's my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Ces. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Ces. Great and increasing:
But by sea he is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
'Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Ces. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, ANT.,
and LEPIDUS.*

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcenas!—
my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters are so
well digested. You stayed well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance,
and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast,
and but twelve persons there: Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had
much more monstrous matter of feasts, which worthily
deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be
square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed
up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter
devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick: with them the oars were
silver;*

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)

* The punctuation of the original gives us a full pause at
love-sick. The ordinary reading is "the winds were love-sick
with them."

O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork nature : on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Ag.

O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings : at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Ag.

Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper : she replied,
It should be better he became her guest ;
Which she entreated : Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast ;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Ag.

Royal wench!

She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed ;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno.

I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street :
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not;

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them,
Attendants, and a Soothsayer.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?
Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor
you thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my motion, have it not in my
tongue: But yet his you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar's or mine?

Sooth. Caesar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side :
Thy daemon (that thy spirit which keeps thee) is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Caesar's is not ; but near him thy Angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd ; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant.

Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee ; no more, but when to
thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds : thy lustre thickens
When he shines by : I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him ;
But, be away, 't is noble.

Ant.

Get thee gone :

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him :—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true : The very dice obey him ;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speeds :
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought ; and his quails ever
Beat mine, in hoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt ;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies :—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia ; your commission 's ready :
Follow me, and receive it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Street.**Enter* LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further : pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we 'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount *
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about ;
You 'll win two days upon me.

Mec., Agr. Sir, good success !

Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.**Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music ; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone ; let us to billiards :
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman :—Come, you 'll play with me, sir ?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though 't come
too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I 'll none now :—

* *At the Mount.* This no doubt means at Mount Mæneum.

Give me mine angle,—we 'll to the river : there,
 My music playing far off, I will betray
 Tawny-finn'd fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce
 Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,
 I 'll think them every one an Antony,
 And say, Ah, ha ! you 're caught.

Chor. [↑] 'T was merry when
 You wager'd on your angling ; when your diver
 Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
 With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time !—O times !—
 I laugh'd him out of patience ; and that night
 I laugh'd him into patience ; and next morn,
 Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed ;
 Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
 I wore his sword Philippan. O ! from Italy ;

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
 That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony 's dead ?—
 If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress :
 But well and free,
 If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
 My bluest veins to kiss ; a hand that kings
 Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he 's well.

Cleo. Why, there 's more gold. But, sirrah, mark ;
 we use

To say the dead are well : bring it to that,
 The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
 Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will ;
 But there 's no goodness in thy face, if Antony
 Be free and healthful :—so tart a flavour

To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will 't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st :
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I 'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he 's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou 'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like "but yet," it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon "but yet!"
"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He 's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He 's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he 's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[Strikes him down.]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence,
[Strikes him again.]

Horrible villain! or I 'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I 'll unhair thy head;
[She hales him up and down.]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 't is not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud : the ~~ill~~ thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage ;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a dagger.*]

Mess. Nay, then I'll run :—
What mean you, madam ? I have made no fault. [*Ex.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself ;
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile ! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents !—Call the slave again ;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him !—Call.

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him :—
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself ; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news : Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty,

Cleo. Is he married ?
I cannot hate thee worse than I do
If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst;

So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for seal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal: he is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of!^a—Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! *[Exit Messenger.]*

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Caesar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for 't now.

Lead me from hence;

I faint; O Iras, Charmian.—'T is no matter:—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination; let him not leave out

The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[Exit ALEXAS.]

Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

T' other way he's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas

[To MARDIAN.]

^a The passage is somewhat obscure, but it has been thus explained:—"Thou art not an honest man, of which thou art thyself assured, because thy master's fault has made a knave of thee."

Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[*Ereunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one side, with drum and trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MÆCENAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 't will tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails,

We 'll speak with thee at sea : at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house ;
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us
(For this is from the present) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia ; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates ; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome : This 'greed upon,
To part with unback'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæs., Ant., Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer : But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience :—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey ;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand :
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft ; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither ;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cas. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh: Fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cas. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part; and let us
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—He did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now: How far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all :
Will you lead, lords ?

Cæs., Ant., Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come. [*Exeunt POM., CÆS., ANT., LEP.,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made
this treaty.—[*Aside.*—You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me ;
though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own
safety : you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me
your hand, Menas : If our eyes had authority, here they
might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their
hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander ; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a
drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his
fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark
Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra ?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir ; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir !

Eno. 'T is true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*On board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.*

Music. Enter Two or Three Servants, with a banquet.

1 *Serv.* Here they 'll be, man: Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out "no more;" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A snout sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBABBUS, MENAS, with other captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [*To CÆs.*] They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud
by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word.

[*Aside.*

Pom. Say in mine ear: what is 't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

[*Aside.*

And hear me speak a word.

Pom.

Forbear me till anon,—

This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it: and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'T is a strange serpent.

Ant. 'T is so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him; else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To MEN. aside.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool.

[*Aside.*

Pom. I think thou 'rt mad. The matter?
[*Rises, and walks aside.*

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quicksands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, And though thou think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove :
 Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
 Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
 Are in thy vessel : Let me cut the cable ;
 And, when we are put off, fall to their throats :
 All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
 And not have spoke on 't ! In me, 't is villainy ;
 In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
 'T is not my profit that does lead mine honour ;
 Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
 Hath so betray'd thine act : Being done unknown,
 I should have found it afterwards well done ;
 But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, [*Aside.*
 I 'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—
 Who seeks, and will not take, when once 't is offer'd,
 Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here 's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There 's a strong fellow, Menas. [*Pointing to
 the Attendant who carries off LARSENUS.*

Men. Why ?

Eno. A bears the third part of the world, man :
 Seest not ?

Men. The third part then is drunk : 'Would it were
 all, that it might go on wheels !

Eno. Drink thou ; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho !
 Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer:
But I had rather fast from all four days,
Than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [To ANT.]
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands;
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while, I'll place you. Then the boy shall sing;
The holding* every man shall bear, as loud
As his strung sides can volley. [Music plays. ENO.
places them hand in hand.

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eye:
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good night.
Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.

* *Holding*—the burden of the song.

Pom. I 'll try you o' the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir; give 's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony, you have my father-house,—

But what? we are friends: Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—*Menas*, I 'll not on shore.

[*Exeunt POM., Cæs., ANT., and Attendants.*]

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: sound, and be hang'd, sound out! [*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*]

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There 's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain! Come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Plain in Syria.*

Enter VENTIDIUS, as it were in triumph, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and
now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army: Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 't would offend him ; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that,
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I 'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected ;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now ?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens : whither with what
haste

The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there ; pass along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rome. *An Ante-Chamber in Caesar's House.*

Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted ?

Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone ;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome ; Caesar is sad ; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'T is a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one : O, how he loves Caesar !

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony !

Eno. Caesar ? Why, he 's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What 's Antony ? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Caesar ? How ? the nontail !

Agr. O Antony ! O thou Arabian bird !

Eno. Would you praise Caesar, say,—Caesar ;—go
no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best: — Yet he loves Antony :

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. So,—
[Trumpets.]

This is to horse—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest hand
Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,

Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother !—

Ant. The April 's in her eyes : It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house ; and—

Cæs. What,

Octavia ?

Octa. I 'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue : the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep ? [*Aside to AGRIPPA.*

Agr. He has a cloud in 's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse ;
So is he, being a man.^a

Agr. Why, Enobarbus ?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring : and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
rheum ;

What willingly he did confound^b he wail'd :
Believe 't, till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still ; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come ;

I 'll wrestle with you in my strength of love :
Look, here I have you ; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu ; be happy !

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way !

^a Stevens says that " a horse is said to have a cloud in his face when he has a black or dark-coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes."

^b *Confound*—destroy.

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [Kisses OCTAVIA
Ant. Farewell!

[Trumpets sound. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd,
or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That 's not so good:—he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 't is impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and
dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps :
Her motion and her station^a are as one :
She shows a body rather than a life ;
A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain ?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He 's very knowing,
I do perceive 't :—There 's nothing in her yet :—
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.

Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow ?—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think she 's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind ? is 't long, or
round ?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are
so.

Her hair, what colour ?

Mess. Brown, madam : And her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There 's gold for thee,
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill :—
I will employ thee back again ; I find thee
Most fit for business : Go, make thee ready ;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so : I repent me much
That so I harried^b him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature 's no such thing.

^a Station is the act of standing, as motion is the act of moving.

^b Harried. To harry is to vex, to torment, to annoy ; the same as harass.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmian:

But 't is no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Athena. A Room in Antony's House.

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me,
When the best hint was given him: he not look'd,
Or did it from his teeth.*

Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,

* He looked not upon the people as one who is addressing them with sincerity—he spoke from his teeth, and not with the full utterance of the heart.

Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother: Make your soonest haste:
So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be;
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter ENOCHARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Caesar and Lepidus have made wars upon
Pompey.

Eno. This is old: What is the success?

Eros. Caesar, having made use of him in the wars
'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry; would
not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not
resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly

wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him :
So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no
more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They 'll grind the one the other. Where 's Antony?

Eros. He 's walking in the garden—thus; and
spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries, "Fool, Lepidus!"
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy 's rigged.

Eros. For Italy, and Caesar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'T will be nought:

But let it be,—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Rome. A Room in Caesar's House.

Enter CESAR, AGRIPPA, and MEOENAS.

Ces. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And
more;

In Alexandria—here 's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'establishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Ces. I' the common show-place, where they exer-
cise.

His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings :
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia : She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience,
As 't is reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it ; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse ?

Cæs. Cæsar : and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle : then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd : lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd ; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'T is done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel ;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change ; for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part ; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He 'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord ! hail, most dear
Cæsar !

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away !

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you
cause.

Cæs. Why have you stolen upon us thus? You come not

Like *Cæsar's* sister: The wife of *Antony*
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, *Mark Antony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My griev'd ear withal: whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an abstract 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wrong'd sister; *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of *Libya*; *Archelaus*,
Of *Cappadocia*; *Philadelphos*, king
Of *Paphlagonia*; the *Thracian* king, *Adallas*:
King *Malchus* of *Arabia*; king of *Pont*;
Herod of *Jewry*; *Mithridates*, king

Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Octa. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth!
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong fed,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
{ Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
{ Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.
Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart, in Rome does love and pity you.
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment^a to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir?
Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Antony's Camp, near to the Promontory of Actium.*

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But, why, why, why?

^a Regiment—government, authority.

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke^a my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. If not denounc'd against us, why should not we
Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horses and mares together,
The horse were merely^b lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 't is said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in^c Tomyris?—You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

^a *Forspoke*—spoken against.

^b *Merely*—entirely.

^c *Take in*—gain by conquest.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to 't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muliters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress: in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare: yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do 't at land.—Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Topyne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 't is impossible;
Strange that his power should be.—Cassidius,

Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse :—We'll to our ship,

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thais !—How now, worthy soldier ?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea ;
Trust not to rotten planks : Do you ~~undoubt~~
This sword, and these my wounds ! Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a ducking ; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and
KNORRIBUR.

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art : but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't : So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not ?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Junius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea :
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,^a
As beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you ?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Cædianus.

Can. With news the time's with labour : and throes
forth,
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*

^a *Marcellus—detachments.*

SCENE VIII.—*A Plain near Actium.**Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.**Cæs. Taurus,—**Taur. My lord.*

Cæs Strike not by land; keep whole,
 Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
 Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
 Our fortune lies upon this jump. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon side o' the hill,
 In eye of Cæsar's battle: from which place
 We may the number of the ships behold,
 And so proceed accordingly. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land Army one way over the stage; and TAURUS, the Lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
 The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
 With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder:
 To see 't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
 All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cankle^a of the world is lost
 With very ignorance; we have bid away
 Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?^a Cankle—a passion.

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,^a
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid nag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake^b i' the midst o' the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The brise^b upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CASSIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good
night, indeed. [Aside.]

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'T is easy to 't;
And there I will attend what further comes.

Cap. To Caesar will I render
My legions and my horse; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow

^a *Token'd pestilence*—the pestilence which is mortal, when
these appear on the skin which are called God's tokens.

^b *The brise*—the god-fly.

The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX.—Alexandria.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon 't,
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever :—I have a ship
Laden with gold ; take that, divide it ; fly,
And make your peace with Caesar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself ; and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone ;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you ; be gone :
My treasure 's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon :
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone ; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness : take the hint
Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left
Which leaves itself : to the sea-side straightway :
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little : pray you now :—
Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you :—I'll see you by and by.

[Sits down.]

Enter EROS and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him :—Comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fie, fie, fie!

Char. Madam.—

Iras. Madam; O good empress!—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes:—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer;^a while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 't was I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,^b and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me:—O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head 's declin'd, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unmovable swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails; I little thought
You would have follow'd.

^a A passage in 'All's Well that Ends Well' explains this allusion:—

"Till honour be bought up, and so sword worn,
But one to dance with."

^b Made war by lieutenants.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss:
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, within there, and our viands:—Fortune
knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.*

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 't is his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs.

Approach, and speak.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony :
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be it so : Declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt : which not granted,
He lessens his requests ; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens : This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness ;
Submits her to thy might ; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail ; so she
From Egypt drive her all-dishonoured friend,
Or take his life there : This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune pursue thee !

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*]

To try thy eloquence, now 't is time : Despatch ;
From Antony win Cleopatra : promise,

[*To THYREUS.*]

And in our name, what she requires ; add more,
From thine invention, offers : women are not
In their best fortunes strong ; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal : Try thy cunning, Thyreus,
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Caesar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw ;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr.

Caesar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered^a question: 'T was a shame no less
Than was his loss, to couse your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithes, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Eup. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she will
yield

Us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again: Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular: his coins, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail

^a *Mered.* Mere is a boundary; and to mere is to mark, to
limit.

Under the service of a child, as soon
 As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
 To lay his gay comparisons apart,
 And answer me declin'd,* sword against sword,
 Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[*Ereunt ANT. and EUP.*]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
 Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,
 Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
 A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
 Do draw the inward quality after them,
 To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
 Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
 Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdued.
 His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
 Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
 That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty and I begin to square. [*Aside.*]
 The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
 Our faith mere folly:—Yet he that can endure
 To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
 Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
 And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;

* Johnson explains the passage thus: "I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the comparison of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this decline of my age or power."

Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend : For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that is Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd : Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on : Right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right : Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit Eno.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon : but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand : tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel :
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'T is your noblest course.
 Wisdom and fortune combating together,
 If that the former dare but what it can,
 No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
 My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father,
 Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
 Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
 As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
 What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
 The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
 To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now gods
 and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cried "ho!"
 Like boys unto a muss,* kings would start forth,
 And cry, "Your will?" Have you no ears?

Enter Attendants.

I am Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip
 him.

Eno. 'T is better playing with a lion's whelp,
 Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!
 Whip him:—Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
 That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
 So saucy with the hand of she here, (What 's her name,
 Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
 Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
 And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony.—

* A muss—a scramble.

Ant. Tug him away : being whipp'd,
Bring him again :—The Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with TYRANUS.*]

You were half-blasted ere I knew you :—Ha !
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders ?^a

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever :—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on 't !) the wise gods seal our eyes
In our own filth ; drop our clear judgments ; make us
Adore our errors ; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this ?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher : nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out : For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this ?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, " God quit you ! " be-familiar with
My playfellow, your hand ; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts !—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd ! for I have savage cause ;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank,
For being yare^b about him.—Is he whipp'd ?

^a " One that looks on feeders " is one that bestows favours on servants.

^b Yare—nimble.

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1 Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 't is to do 't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abyss of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes, begone. [Exit THYR.]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarian smite!

Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandering^a of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant.

I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held: our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet,^b threat'ning most sealike.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear,
lady?

If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There's hope in 't yet.

Cleo.

That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests: but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night:^c call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo.

It is my birthday:

I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll
force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my
queen;

^a *Discandering.* To dis-scander is to dis-squander, to scatter.

^b *Fleet*—the old word for *float*.

^c *Gaudy night*—a night of rejoicing.

There 's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,
I 'll make Death love me ; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[~~Exeunt~~ ANT., CLEO., and Attendants.]

ENO. Now he 'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear : and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge ; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart : When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter; AGRIPPA, MÆCENAS, and others.

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal
combat,

Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. *Cæsar* must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius?

Eno.

No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I 'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight well?

Eno. I 'll strike; and cry, "Take all!"

Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants; let 's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd me
well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'T is one of those odd tricks which sorrow
shoots [Aside.]

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow.
You 'll serve another master. I look on you

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away ; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death :
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for 't!^a

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort ? Look, they weep ;
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed ; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho !^b
Now the witch take me if I meant it thus !
Grace grow where those drops fall ! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense,
For I spake to you for your comfort : did desire you
To burn this night with torches : Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow ; and will lead you
Where rather I 'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let 's to supper ; come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter Two Soldiers, to their Guard.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night : to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way : fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?

1 *Sold.* Nothing : What news ?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 't is but a rumour :
Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter Two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers,
Have careful watch.

^a In 'As You Like It' we have the familiar expression
"God 'ild you," which is equivalent to God yield you, or God
reward you. So in the passage before us.

^b These interjections have the sense of stop.

3 Sold. And you : Good night, good night.
[The first two place themselves at their posts.]

4 Sold. Here we : *[they take their posts.]* and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
 Our landmen will stand up.

3 Sold. 'T is a brave^d army,
 And full of purpose. *[Music of hautboys under the stage.]*

4 Sold. Peace, what noise ?

1 Sold. List, list !

2 Sold. Hark !

1 Sold. Music i' the air.

3 Sold. Under the earth.

4 Sold. It signs well,

Does 't not ?

3 Sold. No.

1 Sold. Peace, I say. What should this mean ?

2 Sold. 'T is the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
 Now leaves him.

1 Sold. Walk ; let 's see if other watchmen
 Do hear what we do. *[They advance to another post.]*

2 Sold. How now, masters ?

Sold. How now ?

How now ? do you hear this ? *[Several speaking together.]*

1 Sold. Ay : Is 't not strange ?

3 Sold. Do you hear, masters ? do you hear ?

1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter ;
 Let 's see how 't will give off.

Sold. *[Several speaking.]* Content : 'T is strange.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA ; CHARMIAN, and
 others, attending.*

Ant. Kne ! mine armour, Kne !

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour,
Eros!

Enter EROS, with armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on :—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I 'll help too.

What 's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart;—False, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I 'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well:
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely;
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen 's a squire
More tight at this than thou: Despatch.—O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in 't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.

1 Off. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2 Off. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant.

'T is well blown, lada.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.—

So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me.

This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, *[Kisses her.]*

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand

On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee

Now, like a man of steel,—You that will fight

Follow me close; I'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.

[Exit ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and Soldiers]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo.

Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would thou, and those thy scars, had once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Sold.

Hadst thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the soldier

That has this morning left thee, would have still

Follow'd thy heels.

Ant.

Who's gone this morning?

Sold.

Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,

He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp

Say, "I am none of thine."

Ant.

What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings;
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men;—despatch: Enobarbus!*

[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS,
and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight,
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit AGRIPPA.*

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa:
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*

* We follow the words of the original, but not the punctuation. That reading is "despatch Enobarbus." It may possibly mean despatch the business of Enobarbus; but it is more probable that Antony, addressing Eros, says "despatch;" and then thinking of his revolted friend, pronounces his name.

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill:
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. *Enobarbus,* Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, *Enobarbus.*
I tell you true: Best you saf'd^a the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. *[Exit Soldier.]*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows^b my
heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. *[Exit.]*

^a *Saf'd*—made safe.

^b *Blows*—swells.

SCENE VII.—*Field of battle between the Camps.*

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, and others.

Ag. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far :
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 't is made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes ; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir ; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind ;
'T is sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I 'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching ; SCARUS, and Forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp : Run one before,
And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we 'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all ;

For doughty-handed are you ; and have fought
 Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been
 Each man's like mine ; you have shown all Hectors.
 Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
 Tell them your feats ; whilst they with joyful tears
 Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
 The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand ;

[To SCARUS.]

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
 Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,
 Chain mine arm'd neck ; leap thou, attire and all,
 Through proof of harness to my heart, and these
 Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo.

Lord of lords !

O, infinite virtue ! com'st thou smiling from
 The world's great snare uncaught ?

Ant.

My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl ? though
 grey

Do something mingle with our younger brow ;
 Yet ha' we a brain that nourishes our nerves,
 And can get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man ;
 Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand ;—
 Kiss it, my warrior :—He hath fought to-day,
 As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
 Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo.

I'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold ; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
 Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand ;
 Through Alexandria make a jolly march ;
 Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them :
 Had our great palace the capacity
 To camp this host, we all would sup together,
 And drink carouses to the next day's fate,

Which promises royal peril,—Trumpeters,
 With brazen din blast you the city's ear ;
 Make mingle with our rattling tabourines ;
 That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
 Applauding our approach. [Re-enter.]

[SCENE IX.—Caesar's Camp.

Sentinels on their post. Enter ENOBARBUS.

1 Sold. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
 We must return to the court of guard : The night
 Is shiny ; and, they say, we shall embattle
 By the second hour i' the morn.

2 Sold. This last day was a shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

3 Sold. What man is this ?

2 Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
 When men revolted shall upon record
 Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
 Before thy face repent!—

1 Sold. Enobarbus !

3 Sold. Peace ;

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
~~The poisonous damp of night dispense upon me ;~~
 That life, a very rebel to my will,
 May hang no longer on me : Throw my heart
 Against the flint and hardness of my fault ;
 Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
 And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
 Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
 Forgive me in thine own particular ;
 But let the world rank me in register
 A master-leaver, and a fugitive :

O Antony ! O Antony !

[Dies.]

2 Sold. Let's speak to him.

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks may concern Cæsar.

3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his was never yet for sleep.

3 *Sold.* Go we to him.

3 *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir?

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him. Hark,
the drums [Drums afar off.]

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him

To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour

Is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on then;

He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the body.]

SCENE X.—Between the two Camps.

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is: Our foot,
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us:—order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven:—
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [Exeunt.]

Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces marching.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,

" The sentence—

" Order for sea is given;

They have put forth the haven"—

as parenthetical. Omit it, and Antony says, that the foot soldiers shall stay with him, upon the hills adjoining to the city,

" Where their appointment we may best discover."

Which, as I take 't, we shall ; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd : Where yond pine does
stand,
I shall discover all ; I 'll bring thee word
Straight, how 't is like to go. [*Exit*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell ;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant and dejected ; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost ;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me :
My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore ! 't is
thou
Hast sold me to this novice ; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly ;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all :—Bid them all fly, be gone.

[*Exit SCARUS.*

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :
Fortune and Antony part here ; even here
~~Do we make hands.~~—All come to this ?—The hearts
~~That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave~~
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am :

O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
 home;
 Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
 What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord eurg'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
 Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown
 For poor'st diminutives, for dolts;^a and let
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
 With her prepared nails. [*Exit CLEO.*] 'T is well
 thou 'rt gone,

If it be well to live: But better 't were
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
 Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
 And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I
 sell
 Under this plot: she dies for 't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*]

^a We follow the original. We believe that the "poor'st diminutives" are the lowest of the populace, as the "dolts" are the most stupid. We must therefore understand for to mean for the gratification of.

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, prithee, piteously: Hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish:
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these
signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimbs; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is

Even such a body ; here I am Antony ;
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
 I made these wars for Egypt ; and the queen,—
 Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine ;
 Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
 A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
 Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
 Unto an enemy's triumph.—
 Nay, weep not, gentle Eros ; there is left us
 Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady !

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar.

No, Antony ;

My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
 With thine entirely.

Ant.

Hence, saucy eunuch ; peace ;
 She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once ;

And that she has discharg'd : What thou wouldst do
 Is done unto thy hand ; the last she spake
 Was, Antony ! most noble Antony !

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
 The name of Antony ; it was divided
 Between her heart and lips ; she render'd life,
 Thy name so buried in her.

Ant.

Dead then ?

Mar.

Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros ; the long day's task is done,
 And we must sleep :—That thou depart'st hence safe,
 Does pay thy labour richly ; Go.—Off, pluck off ;—

[*Exit MARDIAN.*

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
 The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides !
 Heart, once be stronger than thy continent ;
 Crack thy frail case !—Apace, Eros, apace.—
 No more a soldier :—Bruised pieces, go ;

You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—

[*Exit EROS.*]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture :—Since the torch is out,
Lie down and stray no farther : Now all labour
Mars what it does ; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength : Seal then, and all is done.^a—
EROS !—I come, my queen :—EROS !—Stay for me :
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze :
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, EROS, EROS !

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord ?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman ; less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
"I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, EROS,
That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace
And horror, that, on my command, thou then
Wouldst kill me : do 't ; the time is come :
Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me !
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,

^a The passage may be illustrated by a corresponding image in 'King Henry V.' :—

"And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love."

Though enemy, lost aim, and could not ?

Ant.

Eros,

Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd^a arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame ; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, stand'd
His baseness that ensued ?

Eros.

I would not see 't.

Ant. Come then ; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros.

O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not
then

To do this when I bade thee ? Do it at once ;
Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee.

[Turning from him.]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant.

Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros.

My dear master,

My captain and my emperor ; let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'T is said, man ;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now ?

Ant.

Now, *Eros.*

Eros. Why, there then :—[Falls on his sword.] Thus
I do escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death.

[Dies.]

Ant.

Thrice nobler than myself !

Thou teachest me, O valiant *Eros*, what

I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and *Eros*

^a Pleach'd—folded.

Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
 A nobleness in record : But I will be
 A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
 As to a lover's bed. Come then ; and, Eros,
 Thy master dies thy scholar ; to do thus
[Falling on his sword.]

I learn'd of thee. How ! not dead ? not dead ?—
 The guard—how ?—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCEtus and Guard.

1 *Guard.* What 's the noise ?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends : O, make an
 end

Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe !

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [Exit Guard.]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
 Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where 's Antony ?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he ?

Wilt thou not answer, man ? [Exit DER.]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed ? Draw thy sword, and
 give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee ?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant.

Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass : for when she saw
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with^a Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead ;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth ; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed :—Call my guard, I
prithce.

Dio. What, ho ! the emperor's guard ! The guard,
what, ho !

Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides ;
'T is the last service that I shall command you.

I Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to
wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day !

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows : bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up :
I have led you oft ; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing ANT.*]

SCENE XIII.—*The same. A Monument.*

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

^a Dispos'd with—made terms with.

Cleo. No, I will not.
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death 's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling
stand

The varying shore o' the world!—O Antony!
Antony, Antony!—Help, Charmian; help, Iras, help;
Help, friends below; let 's draw him hither.

Ant.

Peace:

Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 't is so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo.

I dare not, dear,^a

(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Caesar ever shall
Be brooch'd^b with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe;

^a Cleopatra dares not come down out of the monument, to
bestow the poor last kiss.

^b Brooch'd—adorned, as with a brooch.

Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up ;—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here 's sport, indeed!—How heavily weighs my
lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness ;
That makes the weight : Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools ;—O, come, come, come ;
[*They draw ANT. up.*]

And welcome, welcome ! die where thou hast liv'd :
Quicken with kissing ; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying :
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak ; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen :
Of Caesar seek your honour, with your safety.—O !

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me ;
None about Caesar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I 'll trust ;
None about Caesar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at : but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest : and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,—a Roman, by a Roman

Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more. [Dies.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo 't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys and girls
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [She faints.

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt!

Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.*—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All 's but naught;
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that 's mad: Then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us!—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, *Char-*
mian?

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,

* *Chares.* A *chare*, or *char*, is a single act, or piece of work,
—a turn, or bout of work, from the Anglo-Saxon *cyras*, to turn.
Hence, a charwoman

Our lamp is spent, it 's out :—Good sirs, take heart :—

[*To the Guard below.*]

We 'll bury him ; and then, what 's brave, what 's
noble,

Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make Death proud to take us. Come, away :
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Ah, women, women ! come ; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt ; those above bearing off ANTONY's body.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MÆCENAS, GALLUS, PROCULIUS, and others.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks [us by^a]
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit DOLABELLA.*]

Enter DERCEITAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st

Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is 't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: The round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens:^b—The death of Antony

^a The words in brackets are not in the original. Malone supplied them.

^b The commentators make a great difficulty with this passage; but surely nothing can more forcibly express the idea of a general convulsion than that the wild beasts of the forest should have been hurled into the streets where men abide, and the inhabitants of cities as forcibly thrown into the lions' dens.

Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Wag'd equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. Which such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this:—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: but yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
Unreconcilable, should divide

* Follow'd thee to this—driven thee to this.

Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meetest season ;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you ?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction ;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart ;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her : for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee ! *[Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius : Go, and say
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require ;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us : for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph : Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. *[Exit PROCULEIUS.*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius ? *[Exit GALLUS.*

Agg., Mec. Dolabella !

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed ; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent : where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war ;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings : Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. *[Recount.*

SCENE II.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.**Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

Cleo. ~~My degradation does begin to make~~
~~A better life: 'T is paltry to be Caesar;~~
 Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
 A minister of her will: And it is great
~~To do that thing that ends all other deeds;~~
 Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
 Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
 The beggar's nurse and Caesar's.^a

Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS,
GALLUS, and Soldiers.

Pro. Caesar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
 And bids thee study on what fair demands
 Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [*Within.*] What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
 I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
 That have no use for trusting. If your master
 Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him
 That majesty, to keep decorum, must
 No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
 To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
 He gives me so much of mine own, as I
 Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
 You are fallen into a princely hand; fear nothing;
 Make your full reference freely to my lord,

^a *The beggar's nurse and Caesar's* is unquestionably death; not, as Johnson explains it, the gross substance which equally nourishes the beggar and Caesar.

Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need : Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency : and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience ; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort ; for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpris'd ;

[*Here PROCULIUS and two of the Guard ascend
the Monument by a ladder placed against a
window, and, having descended, come behind
CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and
open the gates.*]

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*To PRO. and the Guard. Exit GALLUS.*]

Iras. Royal queen !

Char. O Cleopatra ! thou art taken, queen !—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold :
[*Drawing a dagger.*]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.
[*Seizes and disarms her.*]

Cleo. What, of death too
That rids our dogs of languish ?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself : let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, Death ?

Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither.* This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramids^a my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
[To CLEOPATRA.]

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS and Soldiers.*]

* Johnson explains this, we think correctly, "I will not eat, and, if it will be necessary now for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose, I will not sleep neither."

^a *Pyramides*—the Latin plural of pyramid, used as a quadrisyllable.

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is 't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dreamt there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertyed
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands
were

As plates^a dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine

^a *Plates.* Pieces of silver money were called *plates*.

An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam :
Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it
As answering to the weight : 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me ?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph ?

Dol. Madam, he will ;
I know it.

Within. Make way there.—Cæsar !

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULIUS, MÆCENAS,
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen of Egypt ?

Dol. 'T is the emperor, madam. [*CLEOPATRA kneels.*]

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel :—

I pray you, rise ; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus ; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts :
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear ; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
 We will extenuate rather than enforce :
 If you apply yourself to our intents,
 (Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find
 A benefit in this change ; but if you seek
 To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
 Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
 Of my good purposes, and put your children
 To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
 If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world : 't is yours ;
 and we
 Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
 Hung in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
 I am possess'd of : 't is exactly valued ;
 Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus ?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer ; let him speak, my lord,
 Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
 To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
 I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
 Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back ?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra ; I approve
 Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar ! O, behold,
 How pomp is follow'd ! mine will now be yours ;
 And should we shift estates yours would be mine.
 The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
 Even make me wild : O slave, of no more trust
 Than love that's hid !—What, goest thou back ? thou
~~shift~~

Go back, I warrant thee ; but I'll catch thine eyes,

Though they had wings : Slave, soulless villain, dog !
O rarely base !

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this ;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy ! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern* friends withal ; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation ; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred ? The gods ! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Prithee, go hence ;

[To SELEUCUS.]

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance :—Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs.

Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit SELEUCUS.]

Cleo. Be it known that we, the greatest, are mis-
thought
For things that others do ; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs.

Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest : still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd ;
Make not your thoughts your prisons : no, dear queen ;
For we intend so to dispose you, as

* Modern—common.

Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend : And so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord !

Cæs.

Not so : Adieu.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should
not

Be noble to myself : but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers CHARMIAN.*]

Iras. Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo.

Hie thee again :

I have spoke already, and it is provided ;

Go, put it to the haste.

Char.

Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen ?

Char.

Behold, sir. [*Exit CHARMIAN.*]

Cleo.

Dolabella ?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey ; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before :
Make your best use of this : I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo.

Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol.

I your servant.

Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit DOL.*] Now, *Iras*,
what think'st thou ?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I : mechanic slaves

With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras.

The gods forbid !

Cleo. Nay, 't is most certain, *Iras* : Scurvy lictors
Will catch at us like strumpets ; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune : the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels : Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras.

O the good gods !

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it ; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo.

Why, that 's the way

To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian ?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen ;—Go fetch
My best attires ;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony :—Sirrah, *Iras*, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed :
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee
leave

To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore 's this noise ? [*Exit IRAS. A noise within.*]

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard.

Here is a rural fellow

That will not be denied your highness' presence ;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. What poor an instrument
[*Erit Guard.*

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution 's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guard.
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the
party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting
is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never
recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on 't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard
of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest
woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should
not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the
biting of it, what pain she felt,—Truly, she makes a
very good report o' the worm: But he that will believe
all that they say, shall never be saved by half that
they do: But this is most fallible, the worm 's an odd
worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [Clown sets down the basket.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm
will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but
in the keeping of wise people: for, indeed, there is no
goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care ; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good : give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me ?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman : I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whorehouse devils do the gods great harm in their women ; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone ; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth ; I wish you joy of the worm.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have
Immortal longings in me : Now no more

~~The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip :—~~

~~Yare, yare, good Iras ; quick.—Methinks I hear~~

~~Antony call ; I see him rouse himself~~

~~To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock~~

~~The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men~~

~~To excuse their after wrath : Husband, I come :~~

~~Now to that name my courage prove my title !~~

~~I am fire and air ; my other elements~~

~~I give to baser life.—So,—have you done ?~~

~~Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.~~

~~Farewell, kind Charmian ;—Iras, long farewell.~~

[*Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspic in my lips ? Dost fall ?

If thou and nature can so gently part,

The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,

Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still ?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world

It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep !

Cleo. This proves me base :
 If she first meet the curled Antony,
 He'll make demand of her ; and spend that kiss
 Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
 [*To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*
 With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsic
 Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,
 Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak !
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
 Unpolicied !

Char. O eastern star !

Cleo. Peace, peace !
 Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
 That sucks the nurse asleep ?

Char. O, break ! O, break !

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
 O Antony !—Nay, I will take thee too :—

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
 What should I stay— [*Falls on a bed, and dies.*

Char. In this wild world ?—So, fare thee well.—
 Now boast thee, Death ! in thy possession lies
 A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close ;
 And golden Phoebus never be beheld
 Of eyes again so royal ! Your crown 's awry ;
 I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen ?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies the asp.*
 O, come ; apace, despatch : I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho ! All 's not well : Cæsar 's
 beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There 's Dolabella sent from Cæsar :—
 call him.

1 *Guard*. What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier!

[*Dies*.]

Enter DOLABELLA

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard*. All dead.

Dol. Caesar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, a way for Caesar!

Enter CÆSAR and Attendants

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 *Guard*. A simple countryman, that brought her
figs.
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 *Guard*. O Caesar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison 't would appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown :
The like is on her arm.

I Guard. This is an aspic's trail : and these fig-
leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died ; for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed ;
And bear her women from the monument :—
She shall be buried by her Antony :
~~No grave upon the earth shall clip in it~~
~~A pair so famous.~~ High events as these
Strike those that make them ; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral ;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [Exeunt.

END OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE earliest edition, of which any copy is at present known, of 'Titus Andronicus,' appeared in quarto, in 1600, under the following title:—'The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times been playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the Lord Chamberlaine theyre Servants. At London, printed by J. R. for Edward White, 1600.'

In the folio collection of 1623 it appears under the title of 'The lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.' It follows 'Coriolanus,' and precedes 'Romeo and Juliet.'

The external evidence that bears upon the authorship of 'Titus Andronicus' is of two kinds:—

1. The testimony which assigns the play to Shakspeare, wholly or in part.
2. The testimony which fixes the period of its original production.

The *direct* testimony of the first kind is unimpeachable: Francis Meres, a contemporary, and probably a friend of Shakspeare—a man intimately acquainted with the literary history of his day—not writing even in the later period of Shakspeare's life, but as early as 1598,—compares, for tragedy, the excellence of Shakspeare among the English, with Seneca among the Latins, and says, witness, "for tragedy, his 'Richard II.,

'Richard III.,' 'Henry IV.,' 'King John,' 'Titus Andronicus,' and his 'Romeo and Juliet.'

The *indirect* testimony is nearly as important. The play is printed in the first folio edition of the poet's collected works—an edition published within seven years after his death by his intimate friends and "fellows;" and that edition contains an entire scene not found in either of the previous quarto editions which have come down to us. That edition does not contain a single other play upon which a doubt of the authorship has been raised; for even those who deny the entire authorship of 'Henry VI.' to Shakspeare, have no doubt as to the partial authorship.

We now come to the second point—the testimony which fixes the date of the original production of 'Titus Andronicus.'

Ben Jonson, in the Induction to his 'Bartholomew Fair,' first acted in 1614, says—"He that will swear 'Jeronimo,' or 'Andronicus,' are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years. Though it be an ignorance, it is a virtuous and staid ignorance; and, next to truth, a confirmed error does well." Percy offers the following comment upon this passage, in his 'Reliques of Ancient Poetry':—"There is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakspeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally written by him; for, not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the Induction to Ben Jonson's 'Bar-

tholomew Fair,' in 1614, as one that had been then exhibited 'five-and-twenty or thirty years;' which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakespeare was but 25 : an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces." It is scarcely necessary to point out, that with the views we have uniformly entertained as to the commencement of Shakspeare's career as a dramatic author, the proof against his authorship of 'Titus Andronicus' thus brought forward by Percy is to us amongst the most convincing reasons for not hastily adopting the opinion that he was not its author. The external evidence of the authorship, and the external evidence of the date of the authorship, entirely coincide : each supports the other. The continuation of the argument derived from the early date of the play naturally runs into the internal evidence of its authenticity. The fact of its early date is indisputable. Accepting that fact, we are reconciled to the inferiority of this play, compared with Shakspeare's undoubted performances. Its revolting story, in the same way, appears such as a very young poet would not have rejected. It is easy to understand how Shakspeare, at the period when he first entered upon those labours which were to build up a glorious fabric out of materials that had been previously used for the basest purposes,—without models,—at first, perhaps, not voluntarily choosing his task, but taking the business that lay before him so as to command popular success,—ignorant, to a great degree, of the height and depth of his own intellectual resources,—not seeing, or dimly seeing, how poetry and philosophy were to

elevate and purify the common staple of the coarse drama about him,—it is easy to conceive how a story of fearful bloodshed should force itself upon him as a thing that he could work into something better than the dumb show and fiery words of his predecessors and contemporaries. It was in after-years that he had to create the tragedy of passion. Lamb has beautifully described Webster, as almost alone having the power “to move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wear and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit.” Lamb adds, “writers of inferior genius mistake quantity for quality.” The remark is quite true; when examples of the higher tragedy are accessible, and when the people have learnt better than to require the grosser stimulant. Before Webster had written ‘The Duchess of Malfi’ and ‘Vittoria Corombona,’ Shakspeare had produced ‘Lear’ and ‘Othello.’ But there were writers, not of inferior genius, who had committed the same mistake as the author of ‘Titus Andronicus’—who use blood as they would “the paint of the property-man in the theatre.” Need we mention other names than Marlowe and Kyd?

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 4.
Act V. sc. 3.*

BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus.

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, brother to Titus.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1;
sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.*

LUCIUS, son to Titus Andronicus.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.*

QUINTUS, son to Titus Andronicus.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.

MARTIUS, son to Titus Andronicus.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 3; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.

MUTIUS, son to Titus Andronicus.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

Young LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius.

*Appears, Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 3.*

PUBLIUS, son to Marcus the tribune.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

ALARBUS, son to Tamora.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

CHIRON, son to Tamora.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 5.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DEMETRIUS, son to TAMORA.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.*

AARON, a Moor.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.
Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1, sc. 3.*

A Captain.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

A Tribune.

Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

A Messenger.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

A Clown.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 4.

Goths.

Appear, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

Romans.

Appear, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. re. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 4.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.*

LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1;
sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.*

A Nurse.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

A Black Child.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

*Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—ROME, AND THE COUNTRY NEAR IT.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators, aloft; and then enter SATURNINUS and his Followers at one door, and BASSIANUS and his Followers at the other, with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome:
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bass. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my
right,
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial seat; to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the crown.

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends

Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome :
A nobler man, a braver warrior, ☉
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,
That with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride : five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field ;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength ;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribunes speak to calm my thoughts !

Bass. Marcus Andronicus, so I do asse
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends ;
And to my fortunes and the people's favour

Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Followers of BASSIANUS.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all ;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt Followers of SATURNINUS.*

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.

Open the gates and let me in.

Bass. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish.* *They go up into the Senate-house*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter a Captain, and others.

Cap. Romans, make way : the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

[*Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter two of*
TITUS' Sons. After them two Men bearing a coffin
covered with black : then two other Sons. After
them TITUS ANDRONICUS ; and then TAMORA, the
Queen of Goths, and her two Sons, CHIRON and
DEMETRIUS, with AARON the Moor, and others, as
many as can be. They set down the coffin, and
TITUS speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds !
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,

To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend !
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead !
Those that survive, let Rome reward with love :
Those that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors.
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx ?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the tomb.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars :
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more !

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum, sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy prison of their bones ;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren, gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son :
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To besutify thy triumphs, and return

Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient* yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are the brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt Titus' Sons with ALARBUS.*]

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Demet. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen.)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter the Sons of ANDRONICUS again.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,

* *Patient*—as a verb.

And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud Tarums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Flourish. Sound trumpets, and they lay the coffin in the tomb.*]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons ;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly offences and mishaps :
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges ; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons.

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long ;
My noble lord and father, live in fame !
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render for my brethren's obsequies :
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.
O bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, thou hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart !
Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise.

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS,
BASILIARUS, and others.*

Marc. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame :

Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords.
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribute and their trust,
This palliament^a of white and spotless hue,
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late deceased emperor's sons:
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.
What! should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country;
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world!
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the em-
pery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right.

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

^a *Palliament*--robe.

Luc. Proud Saturnina, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee !

Tit. Content thee, prince, I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die :
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be, and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages ;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnina, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal :
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, " Long live our emperor !"

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor ;
And say, " Long live our emperor, Saturnine !"

[A long flourish, till they come down.]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
And for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her spouse :
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord ; and in this match
 I hold me highly honour'd of your grace.
 And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
 King and commander of our commonweal,
 The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
 My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners,—
 Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord :
 Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
 Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !
 How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
 Rome shall record ; and when I do forget
 The least of these unspeakable deserts,
 Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor ;
[To TAMORA.]

To him that, for your honour and your state,
 Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue
 That I would choose, were I to choose anew :
 Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance :
 'Though chance of war hath wrought this change of
 cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :
 Princely shall be thy usage every way.
 Rest on my word, and let not discontent
 Daunt all your hopes : madam, he comforts you
 Can make you greater than the queen of Goths ;
 Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ?

Lav. Not I, my lord, sith true nobility
 Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go :
 Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.

Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.
Bass. *Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[Seizing LAVINIA.]

Tit. How, sir ? are you in earnest then, my lord ?

Bass. Ay, noble Titus, and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

Marc. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt ! where is the emperor's guard ?
Treason, my lord ! Lavinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd ! by whom ?

Bass. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt MARCUS and BASTIANUS with LAVINIA.*]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*]

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What ! villain boy, barr'at me my way in Rome ?

Mut. Help, Lucius, help ! [Titus kills him]

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so ;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine :
My sons would never so dishonour me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [Exit.]

*Enter aloft the EMPEROR, with TAMORA and her two
Sons, and AARON the Moor.*

Sat. No, Titus, no ; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock :
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once ;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous naughty sons,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me. *
Was none in Rome to make a stale but Saturnine ?
Full well, Andronicus,

Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous ! what reproachful words are these ?

Sat. But go thy ways ; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword :

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy ;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths ; dost thou applaud my choice ?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and everything
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon : Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered :
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SAT. and his Followers ; TAMORA and
her Sons ; AARON and Goths.*]

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride ;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs ?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Marc. O, Titus, see! O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no: no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial as becomes:
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame: none basely slain in brawls:
Bury him where you can; he comes not here

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him:
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quint., Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall! What villain was it spake that
word?

Quint. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Tit. What! would you bury him in my despite?

Marc. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one.

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quint. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*The Brother and the Sons kneel.*]

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quint. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul!

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all!

Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous:
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax,
That slew himself: and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise!
The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put MUTIUS in the tomb.*]
Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy
friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

[*They all kneel and say,*
No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

[*Exeunt all but MARCUS and TITUS.*]
Marc. My lord, — to step out of these dreary
dumps, —

How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus: but I know it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell;
Is she not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes; and will nobly him remunerate.

*Enter the EMPEROR, TAMORA and her two Sons, with
the Moor, at one side; enter at the other side, BAS-
SIANUS and LAVINIA, with others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize!
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

Bass. And you of yours, my lord. I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bass. Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'T is good, sir; you are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bass. My lord, what I have done, as best I may
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your grace to know:
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In seal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave.
Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'T is thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me.
Rome, and the righteous heavens, be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak, indifferently for all:
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonour you.
But on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all:

Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs :
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him :
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose ;
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last ;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :
You are but newly planted in your throne ;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey take Titus' part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin.
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone :
I'll find a day to massacre them all ;
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;
And make them know, what 't is to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.

[The preceding fourteen lines are spoken aside.]

Come, come, sweet emperor ; come, Andronicus ;
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

King. Rise, Titus, rise ; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.

These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable :
And fear not, lords : and you, Lavinia,
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his high-
ness,

That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.

Marc. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Titm. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be
friends:

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up. Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend: and sure as death I swear,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the Palace.**Enter AARON.*

Aaron. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of Fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach:
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest peering hills;
So Tamora,
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwrack, and his commonweal's.
Hollo! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Demet. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants
edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd ;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all ;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
T is not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate ;
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aaron. Clubs, clubs ! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Demet. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends ?
Go to ; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Demet. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave ? [*They draw.*]

Aaron. Why, how now, lords ?

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly ?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge ;
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Demet. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd,
Foul spoken coward, that thund'rest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aaron. Away, I say !

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all !
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right ?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge ?
Young lords, beware ; and should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she, and all the world,
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Demet. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
choice :

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aaron. Why, are ye mad ? or know ye not, in
Rome,

How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love ?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To achieve her whom I do love.

Aaron. To achieve her, how ?

Demet. Why mak'st thou it so strange ?

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd ;
She is a woman, therefore may be won ;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man ! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of ; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know :
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aaron. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

Demet. Then why should he despair that knows to
court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality ?

What, hast not thou full often struck a doe.
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aaron. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch
or so

Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Demet. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aaron. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye, and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you then
That both should speed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Demet. Nor me, so I were one.

Aaron. For shame, be friends, and join for that you
jar.

'T is policy and stratagem must do
That you affect, and so must you resolve
That what you cannot as you would achieve
You must perforce accomplish as you may :
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than ling'ring languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand ;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy :
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words :
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred * wit,
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend ;
And she shall file our engines with advice,

* Sacred—in the Latin sense, *sacrosanct*.

That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull :
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns.
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Demet. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits.

Per Styga, per manes vehor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Forest.

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, his three Sons, and MARCUS, making a noise with hounds and horns.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green ;
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully :
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal ; then enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and their Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty ;
Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords ;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bass. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lav. I say no :
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Nat. Come on, then ; horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport : madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.

Marc. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Demet. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound ;
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Forest.

Enter AARON.

Aaron. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy ;
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When everything doth make a gleeful boast ?
The birds chant melody on every bush ;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun ;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checker'd shadow on the ground :
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,

As if a doubt hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise :
And, after conflict such as was suppos'd
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber,
While hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aaron. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine ;
What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution ?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs ;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day ;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.
Now question me no more ; we are espied :
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life !

Aaron. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes.

Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatso'er they be.

Bass. Who have we here ? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of our well-beseeming troop ?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest ?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps,
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns as was Actæon's, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art !

Lar. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'T is thought you have a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments :
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day ;
'T is pity they should take him for a stag.

Bass. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequestered from all your train ?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you ?

Lar. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness ; I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love ;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bass. The king, my brother, shall have notice of
this.

Lar. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long ;
Good king, to be so mightily abused !

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this ?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Demet. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is;

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe.

Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:

And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,

They told me here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,

As any mortal body, hearing it,

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly,

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But straight they told me they would bind me here,

Unto the body of a dismal yew,

And leave me to this miserable death.

And then they call'd me foul adulteress,

Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

That ever ear did hear to such effect.

And had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed:

Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,

Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Demet. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs him.*

Chi. And this for me struck home to show my strength.

[*Stabs him likewise.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Demet. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her;
First thresh the corn, then after burn the straw:

This minion stood upon her chastity,

Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty;

And, with that painted hope, braves your mightiness.

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. And if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey you desire,
Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy

That nice preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. Oh, Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her!

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Demet. Listen, fair madam; let it be your glory
To see her tears, but be your heart to them

As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the
dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee.

The milk thou suck'st from her did turn to marble;

Even at thy test thou hadst thy tyranny.

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;

Do thou entreat her show a woman's pity. [To *CHIRON*.]

Chi. What! wouldst thou have me prove myself a
bastard?

Lav. 'T is true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:

Yet have I heard,—oh could I find it now!—

The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure

To have his princely paws par'd all away.

Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
Oh, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. Oh let me teach thee! For my father's sake,
That gave thee life when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. Oh Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 't is not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'T is present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
Oh, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body;—
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Demet. Away, for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lav. No grace! no womanhood! Ah, beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth; bring thou
her husband: [*Dragging off LAVINIA.*]
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

Tam. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her
sure:

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
 Till all the Andronici be made away :
 Now will I hence to seek my lovely Mour,
 And let my spleenful sons this trull devour. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*The Forest.*

Enter AARON, with ^A*QUINTUS and MARTIUS.*

Aaron. Come on, my lords, the better foot before :
 Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
 Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quint. My sight is very dull, what'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; were 't not for shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*MART. falls into the pit.*]

Quint. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude growing briars,
 Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
 As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
 A very fatal place it seems to me :

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt,
 That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

Aaron. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,

That he thereby may have a likely guess,
 How these were they that made away his brother. [Exit.]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me and help me out
 From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quint. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
 A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints;
 My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
 Aaron and thou look down into this den,
 And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quint. Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise :
O, tell me how it is, for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrued here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quint. If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is he ?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole :
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit :
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O, brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell-devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee
out ;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quint. Thy hand once more ; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below :
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*]

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me :—I 'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,

Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'T is not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you ~~Met~~ him all alive,
But out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora, though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[*She gives SATURNINE a letter.*]

SATURNINUS reads the letter.

"An if we miles to ~~met~~ him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."

Sat. Oh Tamora, was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aaron. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [*to Titus*] fell curs of
bloody kind,
Have here beset my brother of his life:

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison ;
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit ? oh wondrous thing !
How easily murder is discovered !

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee,
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them—

Sat. If it be prov'd ! you see it is apparent.
Who found this letter, *Tamora*, was it you ?

Tam. *Andronicus* himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord ; yet let me be their bail :
For by my father's reverent tomb I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them, see thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers ;
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain ;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. *Andronicus*, I will entreat the king :
Fear not thy sons ; they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, *Lucius*, come ; stay not to talk with
them. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Forest.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, her
hands out off, and her tongue cut out.*

Demet. So now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 't was that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

Demet. See, how with signs and tokens she can
scrowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Demet. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;

And so, let 's leave her to her silent walks.

Chl. An 't were my cause, I should go hang myself.

Demet. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.
[*Exeunt DEMET. and CHL.*]

Enter MARCUS, from hunting.

Marc. Who is this? my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!
Speak, gentle niece; what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness
As half thy love? why dost not speak to me?
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But sure some Tereus hath deflower'd thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 't is so?
Oh that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind.

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
Oh! had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble like aspen-leaves upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
Or had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
Oh, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Street.*

*Enter the Judges and Senators with MARTIUS and
QUINTUS bound, passing on the stage to the place of
execution; and TITUS going before, pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted, as 't is thought.
For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[ANDRONICUS lies down, and the Judges pass by him.]
For these, tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears:
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, and Prisoners.]
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient ruins,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers.
In summer's drought I 'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I 'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his weapon drawn.
Oh, reverend tribunes! oh, gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;

And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators!

Luc. Oh, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you!

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 't is no matter, man; if they did hear
They would not mark me: oh, if they did hear,
They would not pity me:

Therefore I tell my sorrows bootless to the stones,
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they 're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they, humbly at my feet,
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is as soft wax, tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. Oh, happy man, they have befriended thee:
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banished!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? Let me see it, then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her:

Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds:
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have sought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use.
Now all the service I require of them
Is that the one will help to cut the other.
'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Marc. Oh, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

Luc. Oh, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Marc. Oh, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;

Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes :
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight
It would have maddened me : what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so ?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her !
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Marc. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband :

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease :
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd like meadows yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood ?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?
What shall we do ? let us that have our tongues
Plot some device of further misery
To make us wonder'd at in time to come

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for at your grief

See how my wretched sister soaks and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece; good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wote
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee.
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
Oh, what a sympathy of woe is this;
As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aaron. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he, for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. Oh, gracious emperor! oh, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand:
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn;
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended
Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,

Writing destruction on the enemy's castle? *

Oh, none of both but are of high desert:

My hand hath been but idle: let it serve

To ransom my two nephews from their death,

Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aaron. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go!

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Marc. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aaron. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off Titus's hand.*]

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife: what shall be is despatch'd:

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand,
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers: bid him bury it:
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them

* *Castle* Theobald changed this to *casque*. It is probably put for stronghold, power.

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aaron. I go, Andronicus; and, for thy hand,
Look by-and-by to have thy sons with thee.
Their heads I mean: oh, how this villainy [Aside.
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men sell for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [Exit.

Tit. Oh, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call: What, wilt thou kneel with me?

[To LAVINIA.

Do, then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. Oh brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet, let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoll'n face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea. Hark how her sighs do blow:
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger with two heads and a hand.

Messen. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor :
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here 's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back :
Thy griefs their sports : thy resolution mock'd :
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell ;
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal ;
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat !
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !

[*LAVINIA kisses TITUS.*

Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

Marc. Now farewell flattery : Die Andronicus ;
Thou dost not slumber : see thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand ; thy mangled daughter here ;
Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control my griefs :
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes :
Now is a time to storm ; why art thou still ?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha !

Marc. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this
hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed :

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears.
Then, which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two hands do seem to speak to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committell them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear.
And, Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things.
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth:
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

LUC. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The wofull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome:
Farewell, proud Rome, till Lucius come again:
He leaves his pledges, dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister:
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now, nor Lucius, nor Lavinia, lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs:
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit* LUCIUS.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Titus's House. A Banquet set out.**

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and Young LUCIUS, a boy.

TIT. So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
MARCUS, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannise upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—

Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[*To LAVINIA.*]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

MARC. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

TIT. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, MARCUS, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands?—

* This scene is only found in the folio of 1633. Johnson says it "does not contribute anything to the action." The poet no doubt felt that after such tumultuous action scenes was wanting.

To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable ?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands ;
Lest we remember still that we have none.—
Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk !
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands :—
Come, let's fall to ; and, gentle girl, eat this :—
Here is no drink ! Hark, *Marcus*, what she says ;—
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs ;—
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks :—
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought ;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers :
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments :
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, *Marcus*, with thy knife ?

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord ; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer ! thou kill'st my heart ;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny :
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not *Titus'* brother : Get thee gone ;
I see thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother ?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air !

Poor harmless fly!

That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir; 't was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor;
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora.—

Ah, sirrah!

Yet, I think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before Titus's House.*

Enter TITUS and MARCUS; then Young LUCIUS, and LAVINIA running after him, the boy flying from her with his books under his arm.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia Follows me everywhere, I know not why.

Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!

Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thy aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean.

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ay, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her son than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator:

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:

For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad:

And I have read that Hecuba of Troy

Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to fear;

Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:

Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,

Causeless, perhaps: but pardon me, sweet aunt:

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,

I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will. [*LAVINIA turns over the books which LUCIUS has let fall.*]

Tit. How now, Lavinia? Marcus, what means this?

Some book there is that she desires to see :

Which is it, girl, of these? open them, boy.

But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd :

Come, and take choice of all my library ;

And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens

Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.

What book?

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Marc. I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact ;—ay, more there was :

Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 't is Ovid's *Metamorphoses* ;
My mother gave it me.

Marc. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! How busily she turns the leaves!

Help her : what would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,

And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape ;

And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marc. See, brother, see ; note how she quotes^a the
leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,

Ravish'd and wrong'd as Philomela was,

Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?

See, see! Ay, such a place there is where we did hunt,

(O had we never, never hunted there!)

Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,

By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den,

Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

^a Quotes—observes, searches through.

TIT. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed ?
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
'That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed.

MARC. Sit down, sweet niece; together, sit down by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me that I may this treason find.
My lord, look here; look here, Lavinia.

[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with foot and mouth.*]

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This, after me. I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece, and here display at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge.
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*]

TIT. Oh, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?
"Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius."

MARC. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora,
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

TIT. *Magni Dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

MARC. Oh, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woful fere,^a
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,

^a *Fere*—a companion, and here a husband.

Lord Junius Brutus swear for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'T is sure enough, an you knew how;
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake, and if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands like Sibyls' leaves abroad,
And where's your lesson then? Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Ay, that's my boy; thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come; Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court:
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and BOY.]

Marc. O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,

Than women's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge:
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS at one door;
at another door Young LUCIUS with Attendant, with
a bundle of weapons, and verses written upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here 's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aaron. Ay, some mad message from his mad grand-
father.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;
And pray the Roman gods confound you both. [Aside.

Demet. Gramercy, lovely Lucius, what 's the news?

Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that 's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape [Aside]. May it please
you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bad me say:
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leave you both: [Aside] like bloody villains.
[Exeunt Boy and Attendant.

Demet. What 's here? a scroll; and written round
about?

Let 's see:

"Integer vita scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculus, nec arcu."

Chi. O 't is a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aaron. Ay, just a verse in Horace;* right, you have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt,

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:

But were our witty empress well a-foot,

She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.

But let her rest in her unrest awhile. [*The preceding seven lines are spoken aside.*]

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star

Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,

Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate,

To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Demet. But me more good, to see so great a lord

Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aaron. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?

Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Demet. I would we had a thousand Roman dames

At such a bay by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aaron. Here lacks but your mother for to say Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Demet. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods,
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aaron. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.

[*Aside. Trumpets sound.*]

Demet. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Demet. Soft; who comes here?

* *Ay, just a verse in Horace*—merely a verse in Horace. The common punctuation is, "Ay, just! A verse," &c.

Enter Nurse, with a blackamoor child.

Nurse. Good morrow, lords;

O, tell me, did you see Aaron, the Moor?

Aaron. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nurse. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aaron. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nurse. O, that which I would hide from heaven's
eye,—

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aaron. To whom?

Nurse. I mean she is brought a-bed.

Aaron. Well, God give her good rest! What hath
he sent her?

Nurse. A devil.

Aaron. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful
issue.

Nurse. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aaron. Out, you whore! is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom sure.

Demet. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aaron. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aaron. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Demet. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend.

Chi. It shall not live.

Aaron. It shall not die.

Nurse. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aaron. What! must it, nurse? Then let no man but I

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Demet. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aaron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
[*Takes the Child from the Nurse.*]

Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what! ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye ale-house painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue:

For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood:
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Demet. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aaron. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Demet. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nurse. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.

Aaron. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:

Fit, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of the heart :
 Here 's a young lad fram'd of another leer.*
 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
 As who should say, " Old lad, I am thine own."
 He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
 Of that self-blood that first gave life to you ;
 And from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
 He is enfranchised and come to light :
 Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
 Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nurse. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress ?

Demet. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
 And we will all subscribe to thy advice :
 Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aaron. Then sit we down, and let us all consult,
 My son and I will have the wind of you :
 Keep there ; now talk at pleasure of your safety.

Demet. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aaron. Why, so, brave lords : When we join in
league

I am a lamb ; but if you brave the Moor,
 The chafed bear, the mountain lioness,
 The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms :
 But say, again, how many saw the child ?

Nurse. Oppeelia the midwife, and myself,
 And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

Aaron. The empress, the midwife, and yourself :
 Two may keep counsel when the third 's away :
 Go to the empress, tell her this I said : [*He kills her.*]
 Weke, weke—so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit.

Demet. What mean'st thou, Aaron, wherefore didst
thou this ?

Aaron. Oh, lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy ;
 Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?
 A long-tongued babbling gossip ! No, lords, no :

* *Leer*—complexion, hue.

And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack * with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; ye see I have given her physic,
[Pointing to the Nurse.

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air with
secrets.

Demet. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[Exit DEMET. and CHI., bearing off the Nurse.

Aaron. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends:
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit

* Pack—contrive—arrange.

SCENE III.—*A public Place in Rome.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, YOUNG LUCIUS, and other Gentlemen, with bows, and Titus bears the arrows with letters on them.

Tit. Come, Marcus; come, kinsmen; this is the way:
Sir boy, let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there straight.
Terras Astrus reliquit, he you remember'd, Marcus.
She 's gone, she 's fled. Sirs, take you to your tools;
You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,
And cast your nets. Happily, you may find her in the
sea;

Yet there 's as little justice as at land:
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'T is you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth;
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah, Rome! well, well, I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannise o'er me.
Go, get you gone, and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lords, it highly us concerns,
By day and night t' attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.

Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now ? how now, my masters ?
What, have you met with her ?

Pub. No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell you shall :
Marry, for Justice she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I 'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.
Marcus, we are but shrubs ; no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size ;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear :
And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come to this gear ; you are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that 's for you ; here, *ad Apollonem* :

Ad Martem, that 's for myself ;

Here, boy, to Pallas ; here, to Mercury :

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,

You were as good to shoot against the wind.

To it, boy : Marcus, loose when I bid :

Of my word, I have written to effect,

There 's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court :

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. Oh, well said, Lucius !

[*They shoot.*]

Good boy, in Virgo's lap ; give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon ;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius
shot,

The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court,
And who should find them but the eppress' villain:
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy

Enter Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.

Tit. News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is
come.

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?

Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clown. Ho! the gibbet-maker! he says that he hath
taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged
till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter:

I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clown. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there.
God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my
young days! Why, I am going with my pigeons to the
tribunal Plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt
my uncle and one of the imperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for
your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the
emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the em-
peror with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, sir; I could never say grace in
all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither ; make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor :
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold ; meanwhile, here 's money for thy charges.
Give me pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication ?

Clown. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when
you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel ;
then kiss his foot ; then deliver up your pigeons ; and
then look for your reward. I 'll be at hand, sir ; see you
do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife ? Come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.
And when thou hast given it the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clown. God be with you, sir ; I will. [*Exit.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go ; Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Palace.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS,
Lords, and others. The Emperor brings the arrows
in his hand that TITUS shot at him.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these ? was ever
seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus ; and, for the extent
Of equal justice, used in such contempt ?
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if

His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits;
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
 And now, he writes to heaven for his redress;
 See, here 's to Jove, and this to Mercury,
 This to Apollo, this to the god of war:
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
 What 's this, but libelling against the senate,
 And blazoning our injustice everywhere?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were:
 But if I live, his feigned extasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
 But he and his shall know that Justice lives
 In Saturninus' health, whom, if he sleep,
 He 'll so awake, as he in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
 Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest or the best
 For these contempts: Why, thus it shall become
 High-witted Tamora to glose with all:
 But, Titus, I have touth'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor 's in the port. [Aside.]

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow, wouldst thou speak with us?

Clown. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clown. 'T is he. God and saint Stephen give you
 good den; I have brought you a letter and a couple of
 pigeons here. [SATURNINUS reads the letter.]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clown. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clown. Hanged! by 'r lady then I have brought up
a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*]

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this inonstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds:

May this be borne, as if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:

For this proud mock I 'll be thy slaughter-man;

Sly frantic wretch, that holpet to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threats in course of this revenge to do

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

These tidings nip me; and I hang the head.

As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms:

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:

'T is he the common people love so much!

Myself hath often heard them say,

(When I have walk'd like a private man,)

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,

And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city
strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy
name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing

He can at pleasure stint their melody.

Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome!
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will;
For I can smooth and fill his aged ear
With golden promises, that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
Go thou before to be our ambassador; [To *ÆMILIUS*.]
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. *Æmilius*, do this message honourably;
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[*Exit* *ÆMILIUS*.]

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt*.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Plains near Rome.*

Flourish. Enter LUCIUS, with an army of Goths, with drum.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs ;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave alip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort ;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us ; we'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on curst Tamora :
And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth ?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON with his child in his arms.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stay'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall :
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard

The crying babe controll'd with this discourse :
" Peace, tawny slave, half me, and half thy dam !
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor.
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf :
Peace, villain, peace ! "—even thus he rates the babe,—
" For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand :
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye ;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiendlike face ?
Why dost not speak ? what, deaf ? not a word ?
A halter, soldiers ; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aaron. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

Aaron. Get me a ladder ! " Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress :
If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear ;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more, but vengeance rot you all.

* *Get me a ladder.* These words belong to the Moor in all the old editions. He may mean, execute me, but save the child ! In modern copies Lucius is made to call for the ladder.

Luc. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aaron. And if it please thee? why, assure thee,
Lucius,

'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd;
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

Aaron. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no
God;

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aaron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not:
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a God,
And keeps the oath which by that God he swears:
To that I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st, and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my God I swear to thee I will.

Aaron. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. Oh most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aaron. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'T was her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;

• They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou sawest.

Luc. Oh, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aaron. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd. And 't was trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. Oh, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aaron. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them: That coddling spirit had they from their mother, As sure a card as ever won the set: That bloody mind I think they learn'd of me, As true a dog as ever fought at head: Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth. I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole, Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay: I wrote the letter that thy father found, And hid the gold within the letter mention'd; Confederates with the queen and her two sons. And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue, Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it? I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand: And, when I had it, drew myself apart, And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter. I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall, When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads; Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily, That both mine eyes were rainy like to his: And when I told the empress of this sport, She sounded almost at my pleasing tale, And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aaron. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aaron. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more. Even now I curse the day,—and yet I think Few come within the compass of my curse,— Wherein I did not some notorious ill: As kill a man, or else devise his death; Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;

Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears:
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' door,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
"Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aaron. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no
more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius: What's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father, and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come: march away. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before Titus's House.*

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad habiliment
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where they say he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge:
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock, and TITUS opens his Study door.*]

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me open the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough.
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines,
Witness these trenches made by grief and care,
Witness the tiring day and heavy night,
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
I am Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes:
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death.
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody Murder, or detested Rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name—
Revenge—which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands!
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge;
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee two proper palfreys, as black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves.
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And, day by day, I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rape and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are,

And you the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

Oh, sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by-and-by.

[*Titus closes his door.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold, and maintain in your speeches;
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies;
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;
Rapine, and Murther, you are welcome too.
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor!
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome as you are: What shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Demet. Show me a murderer: I'll deal with him.

Chs. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand, that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,

And when thou find'st a man that 's like thyself,
Good Murther, stab him; he 's a murtherer.
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen attended by a Moor;
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee do on them some violent death:
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel;
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Enter MARCUS.

Tit. Marcus, my brother, 't is sad Titus calls.
Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius:
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths.
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
Tell him the emperor, and the empress too,
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay; let Rape and Murther stay with me,

Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys? will you bide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again. [*Aside.*]

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will o'erreach them in their own devices:

A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam. [*Aside.*]

Demet. Madam, depart at pleasure: leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus; Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit TAM.*]

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut! I have work enough for you to do.

Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine.

Enter PUBLIUS and others.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron, Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie; thou art too much deceiv'd:
The one is Murther, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure,
And stop their mouths if they begin to cry.

[*Exit TIT. PUB., &c. lay hold on CHI. and DEMET.*]

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word;
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.^a

^a There is a stage direction here—*Exeunt*. They perhaps go within the curtain of the secondary stage, so that the bloody scene may be veiled.

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS with a knife, and LAVINIA with a basin.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound:
Sirs, stop their mouths; let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
Oh, villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and for that vild fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me;
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,
And of the paste a coffin^a I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads,
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on:
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter;
And worse than Progné I will be reveng'd.
And now prepare your throats: Lavinia, come,
Receive the blood; and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it,

^a *Coffin*—the crust of a raised pie.

And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet, which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the centaur's feast.

[*He cuts their throats.*

So; now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And see them ready against their mother comes.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Titus's House. A Pavilion.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and the Goths, with AARON.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 't is my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours, with thine; befall what fortune will

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aaron. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave!
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand. [*Flourish.*

*Sound trumpets. Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA,
with Tribunes and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle!
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordained to an honourable end;

* Begin the play.

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome :
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will. [Hautboys.]

Enter TITUS, like a cook, placing the meat on the table ; LAVINIA, with a veil over her face ; Young LUCIUS, and others.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord ; welcome, dread queen ;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths ; welcome, Lucius ;
And welcome, all ; although the cheer be poor,
'T will fill your stomachs ; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus ?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,

To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were :

My lord the emperor, resolve me this :

Was it well done of rash Virginius,

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd ?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord ?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual ;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die.

[He kills her.]

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind ?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me
blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage ; and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed?

Tit. Will 't please you eat, will 't please your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter?

Tit. Not I; 't was Chiron and Demetrius.

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 't was they, that did he all this wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie,
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'T is true, 't is true, witness my knife's sharp point.

[*He stabs TAMORA.*]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!

[*He kills TITUS.*]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There 's need for need; death for a deadly deed.

[*He kills SATURNINUS. The people
disperse in terror.*]

Marc. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproars sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
Oh, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body—

Rom. Lord. Lest^a Rome herself be bane unto herself;

And she whom mighty kingdoms cursey to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, Rome's dear friend, [*To Lucius*] as erst our
ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse

^a *Lest.* The originals, *let.*

To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy.
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief;
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain; let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother,
And they it was that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave:
Lastly, myself, unkindly banished;
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief amongst Rome's enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend;
And I am the turned forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But soft, methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. Oh, pardon me,
For, when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak : behold this child ;
 Of this was Tawora delivered,
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
 Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans ?
 Have we done aught amiss ? show us wherein,
 And, from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of Andronici
 Will hand in hand all headlong cast us down,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
 And make a mutual closure of our house :
 Speak, Romans, speak ; and if you say we shall,
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
 And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,—
 Lucius, our emperor ; for well I know,
 The common voice do cry it shall be so.

Marc. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor !
 Go, go, into old Titus' sorrowful house,
 And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
 To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
 As punishment for his most wicked life. [To Attendants.
 Lucius, all hail to Rome's gracious governor !

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans ! May I govern so,
 To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe :
 But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
 For nature puts me to a heavy task !

* This line, and the concluding line of Marcus's speech, are given to the people—"Romans"—by all the modern editors, against the authority of all the original copies. Marcus is the tribune of the people, and speaks authoritatively what "the common voice" has required.

Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.
Oh, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses Titus.*]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son.

Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.
Oh, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave,
Do him that kindness and take leave of him.

Boy. O, grandsire, grandsire, even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!
O, Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

Roman. You and Andronici, have done with woes!
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him:
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies; this is our doom.
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aaron. Ah! why should wrath be mute, and fury
dumb?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done :
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will :
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey thy emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument :
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey :
Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning :
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruin.

[*Exeunt*]

END OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.